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The following touching and beautiful Stanzas appeared in the last number of the Knickerbocker. They are from the pen of Willis Gaylord Clark, Esq. who has recently been deprived by "the sad visitant," of his amiable and accomplished lady. They embody sentiments to which the sorrow stricken spirit will tenderly respond.

A SONG OF MAY.

The Spring's scented buds all around me are smiling—
There are songs in the stream—there is health in the gale;
A sense of delight in each bosom is dwelling,
As float the pure day-beams o'er mountain and vale;
The desolate reign of old winter is broken—
The verdure is fresh upon every tree;
Of Nature's revival the charm—and a token
Of love, oh thou Spirit of Beauty! to thee.

The sun looketh forth from the halls of the morning,
And flushes the clouds that begirt his career;
He welcomes the gladness, and glory, returning
To rest on the promise and hope of the year.
He fills with rich light all the balm breathing flowers;
He mounts to the zenith and laughs on the wave;
He wakes into music the green forest bowers,
And gilds the gay plains which the broad rivers lave.

The young bird is out on his delicate pinion—
He timidly sails in the infinite sky;
A greeting to May, and her fairy dominion,
He pours on the west wind's fragrant sigh:
Around, above, there are peace and pleasure—
The woodlands are singing—the heaven is bright;
The fields are unfolding their emerald treasure,
And man's genial spirit is soaring in light.

Alas for my weary and care haunted bosom!—
The spells of the spring-time arouse it no more;
The song in the wild wood—the sheen in the blossom—
The fresh swelling fountain—their magic is o'er!
When I list to the stream—when I look on the flowers,
They tell of the past with so mournful a tone,
That I call up the throngs of my long vanished hours,
And sighs that their transports are over and gone.

From the wide-spreading earth—from the limitless heaven,
There have vanished an eloquent glory and gleam;
To my veil'd mind no more is the influence given,
Which coloreth life with the hues of a dream:
The bloom purpled landscape its loveliness keepeth—
I deem that a light as of old gilds the wave;—
But the eye of my spirit in heaviness sleepeth,
Or sees but my youth, and the visions it gave.

Yet it is not that age on my years hath descended—
'Tis not that its snow-wreaths encircle my brow;
But the newness and sweetness of Being are ended—
I feel not their love-kindling witchery now;
The shadows of death o'er my path have been sweeping,
There are those who have loved me, debarred from the day;
The green turf is bright, where in peace they are sleeping,
And on wings of remembrance, my soul is away.

It is shut to the glow of this present existence—
It hears, from the Past, a funeral strain;
And it eagerly turns to the high seeming distance,
Where the last blooms of earth will be garnered again;
Where no mildew the soft, damask-rose cheek shall nourish—
Where grief bears no longer the poisonous sting;
Where pitiless Death no dark sceptre can flourish,
Or stain with his blight the luxuriant spring.

It is thus, that the hopes, which to others are given,
Fall cold on my heart in this rich month of May;
I hear the clear anthems that ring through the heaven—
I drink the bland airs that enliven the day;
And if gentle Nature her festival keeping,
Delights not my bosom, ah! do not condemn;—
O'er the lost and the lovely my spirit is weeping,
For my heart's fondest raptures are buried with them.
W. G. C.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

AN ADVENTURE IN AVA.

BY MAJOR CALDWELL CAMPBELL.

It was on the 24th of February, 1826, that at Yandabu, in the kingdom of Ava, a treaty of peace was ratified between the British and Burmese nations. My health, which, from the hardships and exposure attendant on a long and harassing campaign in the "land of the stranger," had been for several months very precarious, rendered a return to the shores of Madras indispensable; and now that peace began to wave her olive-boughs over those plains, which had for so long a period witnessed the ruthless conflicts of war, I was anxious to return to Rangoon, thence to embark for Madras, in search of that health for which change of scene and situation are often so vainly tried. To proceed by land, a distance of three hundred miles, was out of the question, overrun as the country was by desperate ruffians, in whose eyes the enforced peace, which the victor army had wrung from the *Golden Feet*, would have appeared but as an instigation to the cruellest atrocities. The river, though not free from pirates, presented the best means of proceeding, and I was advised to wait until the departure of that portion of the troops which formed the water-party should warrant my safety. But too ill to think seriously of danger, and too willing to leave a campaign, whose only charm—that of warfare—was extinct, I refused to delay my voyage, and left Yandabu on the 6th of March, in a small canoe, manned by Burmese boatmen, accompanied by two servants and an invalid sepoy.

I shall never forget the bright beneficent beauty of that morning, as, bidding adieu to my brother officers, I stepped into the frail and fairy bark which was, I hoped, to convey me in safety to Rangoon. The banks of the Irawaddi that fine majestic stream which pursues its magnificent progress through a most unhappy country—even as the rays of the bright sun rest upon the dwellings of the wretched—were lined with people; soldiers, European and native,—lascars, higgling for fresh fish and vegetables,—sutlers, vending their scanty and coveted stores at exorbitant charges,—Burmese, Siamese, Chinese, all were there! and on the countenances of the soldiers the eye of imagination might trace the gleam of pleasure, as anticipations of a speedy abandonment of a country, which might in truth be called "the soldier's grave," flitted across their thoughts.

Above, too, the sky was as pure and unclouded as though the peace that reigned there was but the reflection of that which dwelt below. It was a delightful day—and I sat under the wattled canopy of my skiff, plunged in that delicious chaos of thought which so nearly resembles the transitory and unsatisfactory raptures of the opium-eater. However, as twilight—like a fond and careful nurse, wrapping her patient in a dark but warm mantle—began to enrobe all nature in her dim array, the excitement of my feelings subsided; and as I gazed around me and found myself in my lone and tiny bark in the midst of the wide river, on which not another object was discernible, darker thoughts and feelings returned to my breast,—even as carrion-birds will flock back at nightfall to their wonted roost! Darkness crept on—slowly, but steadily,—and a brisk, uncertain breeze sprang from the gathering clouds;—it increased—still increased, until I noted that my boatmen would gladly have got rid of it, and began to look out for a fitting shore near which to moor their vessel. The river was presently foaming, like an angry thing,—and as the banks which we neared rose bluff and precipitous from the water's edge, they showed, in the sheet lightning which played capriciously around, like the battlements of some Gothic fortalice, amid the gloomy recesses of an ancient forest. By this time the gale had grown to a storm, and alarm found its way to every breast.

The surly *sough* of the wind,—the unpleasant motion of the canoe, tossed angrily by the surges, that whirled up their spray insultingly in our faces,—the harsh screams of the affrighted water-birds around us,—I recollect them all! Suddenly, we struck against the bank; the canoe was filled in a moment with the overpowering element; and wet and frightened, we were all on shore, and scrambling up from the water before we were quite conscious of what had happened.

The Burmans, however, had probably suspected such an occurrence; for they managed to rescue my few valuables, consisting of my stock of clothes, a liquor-case, and my humble breakfast service, from the stranded skiff, at the very moment when she was swamped; but, on examination we found that she had suffered injury so material, as to render her totally useless. Our sensations were not very agreeable, but lamentation was needless and in the darkness and the gale which still continued, I thought not the most advisable thing. A glass of brandy was distributed to each person,—eatables there were none, except some uncooked rice, and a little wet biscuit and sugar: for our stock of fowls, and other provender, had been seized as lawful "*loot*" (booty) by the naiads of the stream. So, wrapping myself in my boat-cloak, wet as it was, I lay down under the shelving sand-bank; whilst my attendants, at several yards' distance, were scattered about, murmuring at our misfortunes, accusing "*Naseeb*" (destiny), of unparalleled cruelty, or trying to court the influence of that "sweet restorer," to which I paid my addresses in vain. The gale died away; I was wet, and cold, and could not sleep, so I watched the moon rising from her bed of clouds,—the gradual tranquillization of the waves, as they lowered their white crests in the moonlight,—and listened the while to the casual gusts of the abating wind, as it passed through the jungle above the bank. I closed my eyes, but strange mysterious apprehensions arose, thick and black, within me; and a warning voice bade me "not to sleep." It was *Presentiment!* It was that undefinable "shadow of coming events!"

Presentiment is the *Fetch* of danger!

The night was now brilliantly clear; but the moon, that "mistress of the diseased mind," shed a ghastly light on the waters. It reminded me of the flash of a torch on the shining ornaments of a coffin-lid! There were strange noises, too; from the sky came, ever and anon, the sudden wail of some night-bird; from the earth, the howl of the wolf and jackal; and from the waters of the Irawaddi, more impressively solemn in that lone hour, than all the rest, was heard the frequent and fitful leapings of the porpoises—for porpoises are not rare in this gigantic stream, even at this great distance from the sea. I cannot account for the singular horror with which the sound created by this fishy creature in its struggles for fresh air, filled me. The leap from the waves—the long audible gasp it made while sucking in the breeze, and its plunge back into the stream! That gasp—I hear it now—was like the deep and painful breathings of a suffocating man! My Burman crew were whispering and muttering in a corner aloof from the other servants, and I asked them, in their own dialect, the name of the creature which had so annoyed me. The word "*Lebine*" was given in reply, and it was the last I heard that night.

A dreaminess stole over me, and I was fastly sinking into forgetfulness, when a ringing noise in my ears, a stunning blow on my head, accompanied by the flashing of a hundred daggers, deprived me of all sensation. I have an indistinct remembrance of hearing a frightful shriek (it must have been my own), of starting up—of seeing dark shapes around me—of a gleaming instrument—but no more! I remained insensible for, as I was afterward told, half an hour; and when I came to myself, I was stretched on the brink of the river, surrounded by my servants, who were wailing over me as lost for ever. I tried to rise, but sank down again on the sands; my eyes were blinded, with what at first I conceived to be water poured over me—it was blood! I raised my hand, and felt that there was a deep and large wound in my head. Recollection returned with growing sickness, and I perceived that none of the Burmese boatmen were with us. I was soon made aware of how the case stood.

The Burmans, seeing my poor stock of baggage at their mercy, incited by their indomitable love of plunder, and beguiled by the gaudy glitter of a Queen's-metal coffeepot, which doubtless they conjectured to be silver, watched the opportunity, when they imagined we were all asleep, to fulfil the double purpose of serving themselves, and gratifying their bitter hatred of the *kalas* (foreigners) who had conquered their Emperor and his hosts. My Lascar, whilst in a state between sleeping and waking, was aroused by the whisperings of the boatmen, and his suspicions being awakened, he resolved on watching their movements. Suddenly he observed the *Lidhogee*, or steersman, a gaunt and hideously ugly man, arise and approach stealthily to where I lay asleep; two of his comrades crept to a remote corner of our *bivouac*, where my baggage was placed; and near which, the sick sepoy and my *maty* (body-servant) slept. After stooping over me for an instant, as if to assure himself of my repose, the *Lidhogee* raised his arm, and the terrified Lascar then saw, that in his hand was a *dah*, or large wood-knife. A blow was given—a shriek was heard; and just as the stroke, which had been impeded by the folds of my boat-cloak, was about to be repeated, the Lascar sprang upon the assassin, and succeeded in wresting the weapon from him, though not before his two thumbs were nearly severed from his hands in the struggle. The alarm was now, however, general; and the steersman and his associates, alike baffled, took to flight. The other boatmen had succeeded in carrying off the paltry spoil, for which they had so readily dyed their hands in blood, though not without opposition, for the sepoy was slightly wounded in the head before he could seize his bayonet. My Madras *maty* escaped with a few severe blows, for he had rolled himself up in a thick *cumly* (blanket), and when awake, had wrestled manfully with his particular assailant; for I have omitted to state, that the exact number of the Burmans, was four.*

What a night did we pass there, on that unknown beach! I had lost a great quantity of blood, and was so faint and sick, that I lay almost inanimate, until a light was struck; when my servant contrived to stanch the blood that continued to well from the wound, with repeated applications of burnt rag. Day at length dawned; welcome day! Never more welcome than now it was to us! The most distressing vertigo prevented me from walking without assistance; we had nothing to eat—our canoe lay rent and useless in the water; and presently the sun burst forth with a maddening heat.

What a long, long day that was! and with what dread did we look forward to the approach of night, another night in that inhospitable and perilous coast! To have attempted to penetrate into the country, knowing it to be inhabited only by those who would have prided and pleasured in murdering us, would have been madness; our sole resource then was, to watch on that strand for some boats proceeding down the river, from the grand army.

Day began to decline, and hope with it, when lo! the Diana steampacket hove in sight, like a dove bearing glad tidings. A cloth was fastened to an oar, and from the steepest part of the bank, it was wildly, desperately waved! I crept close to our flag of distress, watching the issue of our plan. The packet neared—it was opposite—is it not still opposite! Alas! it has passed!

Night was drawing near; brown shades tinged the inland jungle—the mina's shrill voice sounded louder as it sought its lair—painted moths and butterflies disappeared, whilst myriads of mosquitoes and other night-insects hovered around us. The clusters of the gorgeous *daturas* that sprang profusely around, looked wan and flaccid in the twilight, whilst their huge blossoms closed their cups in sleep. On the other hand, the plentiful *mirabilis jalapa*, opened wide its bright crimson petals, emitting the richest odors. A deep silence reigned in our little group, which was at length broken by the loud exclamation of the Lascar:

"*Ya illahi, Sahib! dikho!*" (Oh! Allah! behold, sir!) It was one of our row-boats! Our signals were renewed—were beheld! A skiff was sent ashore, and in it I perceived, with a joy I cannot paint, a gentleman whom I had met before, Mr. Lindquist.

We were taken on board. My eyes first rested on the thin, attenuated form of a lady—a *white* lady! the first white woman I had seen for more than a year! she was standing on the little deck of the row-boat, leaning on the arm of a sickly-looking gentleman, with an intellectual cast of countenance,—in whom I at once recognised the husband or the brother.

His dress and bearing pointed him out as a missionary. I have said that I had not beheld a white female for many days; and now the soothing accents of female words fell upon my ears, like a household hymn of my youth. My wound was tenderly dressed, my head bound up, and I was laid upon a sofa-bed. With what a thankful heart did I breathe forth a blessing on these kind Samaritans! with what delight did I drink in the mild, gentle sounds of that sweet woman's voice, as she pressed me to recruit my strength with some of that "beverage which cheers but not inebriates!" She was seated in a large sort of swinging chair, of American construction, in which her slight, emaciated, but graceful form, appeared almost ethereal. Yet with much of Heaven, there were still the breathings of earthly feeling about her, for at her feet rested a babe—a little, wan baby, on which her eyes often turned with all a mother's love; and gazing frequently upon her delicate features, with a fond yet fearful glance, was that meek Missionary, her husband? Her face was pale, very pale; with that expression of deep and serious thought which speaks of the strong and vigorous mind within the frail and perishing body; her brown hair was braided over a placid and a holy brow,—but her hands—those small, lily hands, were quite beautiful; beautiful they were, and very wan; for ah! they told of disease—of death—death in all its transparent grace—when the sickly blood shines through the clear skin, even as the bright poison lights up the Venetian glass which it is about to shatter! That lady was Mrs. Judson, whose long captivity and severe hardships among the Burmese, have since been detailed in her published journals.

I remained two days with them; two delightful days they were to me. Mrs. Judson's powers of conversation were of the first order, and the many affecting anecdotes that she gave us of their long and cruel bondage,—their struggles in the cause of religion,—and their adventures during a long residence at the court of Ava, gained a heightened interest from the beautiful energetic simplicity of her language; as well as from the certainty I felt that so fragile a flower, as she in very truth was, had but a brief season to linger on earth! Why is it that we grieve to think of the approaching death of the young, the virtuous, the *ready?* Alas! it is the selfishness of human nature, that would keep to itself the purest and sweetest gifts of Heaven, to encounter the blasts and the blights of a world where we see them, rather than that they should be transplanted to happier regions, *where we see them not!*

When I left the kind Judsons, I did so with regret. When I looked my last on her mild, worn countenance, as she issued some instructions to my new set of boatmen (for I had procured a fresh canoe), I felt my eyes fill with prophetic tears. They were not perceived; we parted, and we never met again; nor is it likely that the wounded Subaltern, was ever again thought of by those who had succored him.*

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* On that same day, some forty miles beyond where we were attacked, Lieutenant Addison, of the Madras army, whilst proceeding up the river in charge of commissariat stores, was shot from the long grass skirting the Irawaddi, and instantly expired.

* Mrs. Judson, and her child, died soon after the cessation of hostilities.

A SKETCH.

"Ah say, can love be bought with gold?"

She sate alone—the blue-eyed girl—
Gaily deck'd, in her summer bower;
Her snowy brow a single curl
Half shadow'd with its golden shower;
A gleam of sunshine rested on
Her face of loveliness, though wan.

Her hopes were crush'd—her loves were dead,
And passion's self had ceased to thrill—
Joy from her bosom far had fled—
No time her sorrow now could heal;
And melancholy spread a hue,
No sunshine from the soul burst through.

She lov'd but one—how deep her bliss,
When hope return'd the soft-breath'd feeling,
In tender tones as pure from his,
As in her bosom 'twas revealing:
But disappointment threw a blight
On expectation then so bright.

She thought he turn'd a look to her,
As at the threshold of his bosom,
Love ne'er had knock'd for entrance there—
'Neath winter's breath, soon fades the blossom:
He lov'd her with as pure a fire
As her's upon love's funeral pyre.

She gave her hand—a man of years—
Of wealth, the altar, stood beside:
And she in loveliness and tears
Became the victim of her pride:
Her hand—'twas all she had—she gave,
To be thenceforward memory's slave.

To drown the thoughts that now arise
To sadden life's once smoothest way,
To Fashion's court she often hies,
To bask her in its sunny ray;
But oftner sits the weary hour,
Joylessly in her summer bower.

THE COBBLER OF BRUSA.

A TURKISH LEGEND.

BY EPES SARGENT.

In the reign of Bajazet the First, there lived in Brusa, that city being then the capital of the Turkish Empire, a poor cobbler, whose name was Eskigi Meimet Effendi. This worthy artisan inhabited a small hut containing but one apartment, situated at the foot of Mount Olympus. The chesnut and plane trees, with which the sides of that snow capped mountain are covered, overshadowed his humble dwelling, and offered a cool retreat during the sultry summer days. Numerous streams and mineral springs reflected, in their translucent bosoms, the lofty scenery by which they were surrounded, and gave sustenance to plants and flowers of brilliant hue and aromatic odor.—The shepherd, as if fearful of disturbing the chrystal surface of these waters, drives his flock to some distant summit, from which he looks down at his ease upon the prospect beneath him; and the birds, whose nests are among the neighboring trees, hardly ruffle the mirror-like currents with the light dip of their wings.

It was in the midst of a scenery like this that Eskigi Meimet Effendi had fixed his habitation.—The routine of his life was simple and regular.—Early in the morning he would go one or two miles into the city, and bring home all the old shoes that he could collect from his customers.—He would then take his bench, with his awl and lap-stone, beneath some large tree, and there work merrily at his trade. In this way he managed daily to earn a few paras, which were barely sufficient to support himself and family, consisting of a wife and child. But, being accustomed during the day to the beautiful scenery of Mount Olympus, he could not remain content in his humble domicil at night, without having a splendid illumination, and keeping a great number of lights burning in his presence. Consequently, after devoting the greater part of his earning to the purchase of oil and candles, he appropriated the remainder to buying the frugal necessaries of life.

After the prayer of sunset, which the Turks call *axas namas*, the honest cobbler would prepare his illuminations. Then, having taken his supper, he would chat with his wife, smoke his chibouque and thrum on his guitar, while his child danced to the sound. Sometimes he would sing to the full stretch of his lungs, according to the Turkish fashion. At the *aihi*, or fifth prayer, which took place two hours after sunset, he would retire to bed.

In those times, the Turkish emperors, accompanied by some officer of distinction, were often in the habit of walking the streets in disguise; sometimes by day, and sometimes by night, so that seeing with their own eyes, and hearing with their own ears, they might truly know the wants and dispositions of their subjects, and take their measures accordingly. Now, it happened that Bajazet the First, in passing the domicil of Eskigi Meimet Effendi, had often been amazed by the brilliant illuminations and the very loud songs of that patriotic cobbler. Consequently, one evening, the sultan and his vizier, having assumed the costume of dervishes, stopped before the house, in which many lights seemed to be burning, and knocked at the door. A voice from within asked, "who is there?" The two illustrious personages of the empire replied, that they were dervishes, who, in the name of God, requested entertainment for the night. Eskigi Meimet Effendi answered, by telling them to wait a few minutes till he had found means of concealing his wife, it being, as every one knows, contrary to the custom of the Turks, to admit a man into the presence of their wives, unless he be a near relation. The cobbler having but one room, was puzzled how he should dispose of his better half. But, being unwilling to refuse hospitality to his visitors, he thought it best to fix up the counterpane in one corner of the apartment, as a sort of screen behind which his wife might retire. Having done this in the neatest manner he could, he opened the door to his two guests.

After the *selam alikim*, or customary salute of the Turks, he placed before them a piece of bread and cheese, the remnant of his supper, and a bowl of pure water. Then succeeded the *margeile* or hubble-bubble, a pipe of serpentine form and dimensions. The grand seignor, after partaking lightly of the proffered civilities of his host, asked him, among other inquiries, the nature of his vocation. Eskigi Meimet Effendi replied fully to all his questions, adding that the pleasure of his life, after the labor of the day was over, was at night to have his home brilliantly illuminated, and to talk, dance, and sing, with his wife and child, thanking the Almighty for all his bounties, and more particularly for having placed at the head of the nation, so wise, and good, and great a sultan, for whose life, continued the cobbler, "My wife and myself constantly pray, and under whose reign we hope to die."

After some farther conversation, Eskigi Meimet Effendi retired to his harem, or, more literally speaking, behind the counterpane, and left the sofa (for so we call it by courtesy) for his two guests. At sunrise, after the *sabah namas*, or prayer of the morning, the grand seignor and his vizier, quitted the humble tenement, where they had laughed away the night, for the palace. On their way home, the sultan conversed freely upon what they had seen and said: "With how little, O vizier, may a man of contented spirit make himself happy in this world of probation! Here is the cobbler, who, by hard labor, can scrape together paras enough to purchase necessary food, who yet manages to have his illuminations, his music and his dances, and to enjoy himself like a lord."

"God is just, O sultan, replied the vizier, and the goods of this life are impartially distributed among his children. What is heaven, what is the world, but what every man shapes it in his own imagination? In the eye of reason is not the poor, ragged cobbler richer, aye, and nobler, than the miser who cowers over his hoards of incalculable wealth?"

"It is true," said the sultan, musingly; "in our own hearts, our own expanded souls, lies the genuine source of happiness, of power, of greatness and of wealth. External circumstances may modify but cannot create it. Without this inward reliance, this blessed alchymy of the imagination and the heart, converting all that it touches to gold, the monarch is but a beggar. But with it, the beggar is more than a monarch."

"But," replied the vizier, "would not a reverse in the humble fortune of this merry-hearted cobbler produce a change in his disposition, and turn his singing into lamentation?"

"If my estimate of the man is correct," said the sultan, "no external vicissitudes could check his buoyant spirits. Dammed up in one place, they would soon work a free vent in another direction."

"I wish," continued the grand vizier, "that your highness would try an experiment. Let orders be immediately issued, forbidding all the cobblers of the place to open their stalls or to work at their trade until further notice, under the penalty of death. By this means we can ascertain whether the happiness of Eskigi Meimet Effendi is really dependant upon circumstances, or whether it is innate and not to be effected by the accidents of fortune."

"The suggestion is a good one," replied the grand seignor, "and the result may not be without its lesson."

In conformity with this project, the public criers were immediately sent through all the streets of Brusa, to proclaim, that, "By order of the sublime porte, all cobblers' shops must be closed, and no cobbler must work at his trade, until further notice, under penalty of death."

Eskigi Meimet Effendi was in the great bazaar of the city, collecting shoes, when he heard this remarkable proclamation. Quitting his customers, he returned home hastily to his wife, and told her the order of the day, exclaiming, "Alas, dear wife, what are we to do at night for our illumination?"

The good woman remarked, that it was a more proper subject of inquiry, what they were to do for bread; for, unlike her husband, she considered that the prospect of starvation was worse than that of being without lights during the evening.

After a brief consultation with this good woman, the poor cobbler concluded that the best thing he could do to obtain a little money, would be to take a spade on his shoulder, and seek employment in setting out trees and plants in the gardens and court yards of the rich. In this occupation he succeeded beyond his hopes, making twice as much money as he could by cobbling old shoes; and he returned home with more oil than usual for his illumination, together with a leg of mutton, which had been roasted in a *kiabapei* or cook-shop. After lighting up his house in quite a brilliant manner, he took supper with his family, and then began to sing more lustily than ever.

The grand seignor wishing to see what effect his proclamation would have upon the cobbler, that evening, again assumed the disguise of a dervish, and with his vizier, appeared at the door of Eskigi Meimet Effendi, and requested hospitality. As soon as he had taken the same precaution with respect to his wife, that he had deemed necessary the night before, the cobbler admitted his visitors into his house. The usual salutations passed between them, and the host set before them his remaining piece of mutton and bread. On being asked the news of the day, he told them the proclamation of the public criers, his own new employment, his increased profits, and the astonishing splendor of his illumination. The honest cobbler owned that he could not exactly comprehend the object of the proclamation—perhaps it would soon be known—but, he conjectured that his highness the sultan had issued the order for some great political end.—Hereupon the two dervishes laughed immoderately, and the cobbler, without knowing why, laughed louder than either of them. At a late hour, the party separated and retired to rest.

The next morning the grand seignor and his vizier returned to the palace, much amused with their visit. They immediately caused it to be proclaimed throughout the city, "that no person or persons should follow the occupation of a gardener or transplanter of trees and shrubs, until further notice, under the penalty of death."

Eskigi Meimet Effendi, who was at that moment entering the city with his basket and spade, as soon as he heard the criers proclaiming this new decree, ran home very much amazed, and imparted the news to his wife, exclaiming as before: "What, in the name of the prophet, shall we now do for our illumination."

"Say, rather, what shall we do for our bread!" was the reply.

At last the poor man bethought himself that he would take a basket and go up to Mount Olympus to catch singing-birds. The idea was a good one, and that day he made four times as much as he used to when working at his cobbler's trade. He now brought thrice the usual quantity of oil, together with a number of tallow candles for his illumination. He also procured a bunch of onions, and a little fresh butter and rice to make a *pillau*. With these he returned home more contented than a king with his sceptre.

He made, that night, the most splendid illumination ever exhibited in his house, and not having candle-sticks, he placed the candles in a row over the fire-place, or fixed them in the fissures in the walls. He clapped his hands with delight when he had completed these arrangements, and sang more vociferously than ever before. He had hardly finished his supper, and commenced dancing with his wife and child, when the two dervishes again rapped at his door. As it is the custom of the Turks to grant hospitality to strangers for three days, he thought it his duty to admit his two importunate visitors once more. Accordingly, having again arranged the counterpane so as to form a retreat for his wife, he opened the door and his guests entered. During the conversation which now took place, Eskigi Meimet Effendi related how he had managed, by the assistance of God, to provide for his family a good supper, much of which still remained for his friends. But his chief delight was in the magnificent illumination, which he had found means of exhibiting. He thought that even the sultan himself had never had so many lights burning at one time in his palace; and, finally, he considered it pretty evident that he was the happiest mortal alive.

The grand seignor was much amused at the cobbler's pertinacious good humor. On arriving at his palace, the next morning, he remarked to his vizier, that some other method must be adopted, in order to effect their object, for that a man who was really determined to work, could always find employment. The vizier replied, that he had thought of a plan for effecting their experiment. This was to give the cobbler an office, and having detained him all day in the palace, to send him home at night without any money. The sultan approved of the plan, and immediately ordered one of his ministers to send for Eskigi Meimet Effendi, and on his arrival to invest him with the office and dignities of high sheriff, or *gebal bachi*. Messengers were accordingly despatched to fulfil this imperial mandate.

On being summoned to appear at the palace, the astonished cobbler expressed his belief that he was about to be strangled or drowned in a sack, for some unconscious crime. "However," said he, "the sultan knows best whether I am a dangerous person to the state." He kissed his child and took leave of his wife, who threw herself in wild dismay upon the sofa. As soon as he arrived at the palace, he was told that he had been appointed to the office of high sheriff. His joy and astonishment were beyond all bounds. "Allah is great!" he exclaimed. "What illuminations I will have!" He was sent to the bath, and habited in a new and costly uniform, and furnished with a Damascus sword.

Having remained in the palace, during the day, he rode home in the evening, on an Arabian horse, accompanied by a train of attendants. He found his wife in the position in which he had seen her last, the poor woman having lost all hopes of again beholding her husband. She started up in amazement, on seeing him standing over her, habited in a rich and beautiful dress. He soon satisfied her curiosity with respect to his visit to the palace, and consoled her for all her apprehensions. But after he had finished the account of his adventures, he began to look puzzled, and said to his wife: "Alas! what shall we do to-night for our illumination! I have no money, and we have neither oil nor candles to burn." "Nor bread to eat," added his spouse.

Eskigi Meimet Effendi sat musing for some time upon the sofa. At last, striking his hand upon his knee, he exclaimed, "*I have it!*" and leaving the room, he hastened to a neighboring carpenter, to whom he sold the blade of his Damascus sword for a considerable sum of money on condition that he would make for him a blade of wood, to be fitted to the handle, and delivered early in the morning. He accordingly left the sword with the carpenter, and quitted the shop with his money. The worthy high sheriff now purchased a preposterous quantity of oil and candles, and then turned his attention toward buying some food for supper. Returning home he made a most brilliant illumination, while his wife performed the office of cook.

In a short time the sultan and his grand vizier in their customary disguise, again knocked at the door. Eskigi Meimet Effendi hesitated some time about admitting them. He considered that he was now a high officer of the empire, and a man of rank, and ought not to receive persons of low degree into his house. But they renewed their entreaties so pressingly, that he consented to grant them hospitality for the last time. On entering, they expressed their astonishment at his new dress, and asked him how he had come by it. His reply was, that "the Distributor of thrones, and the shadow of God upon earth, his majesty, the sultan, had raised him to the office of high sheriff;" and thereupon he described to them his several adventures during the day, confessing, however, that he had not yet derived any profit from his new dignity. He begged his visitors never again to take the liberty of knocking at his door, as he was no longer a cobbler, neither a digger of the soil, nor a hunter of singing-birds, but an important officer of the empire, and that he must be treated accordingly.

In the midst of these boastings, the grand seignor inquired, how he managed, without money, to still keep up the illuminations.

The ex-cobbler, notwithstanding his lofty pretentions and his determination to stand upon his dignity, chuckled at the recollection of his ingenuity, and could not forbear telling his friends how he had contrived to raise money by selling the blade of the Damascus sword. The grand seignor laughed heartily at the circumstance, and the three soon after separated for the night.

The sultan and his vizier reached the palace at an early hour the next morning. The *mollah*, or the chief judge, was immediately ordered into the imperial presence and asked if there were any persons to be executed that day. It was ascertained that there was one individual who was awaiting the punishment of death, in consequence of having indulged in some strictures upon the government. The grand seignor intimated his will that the new high sheriff should make his maiden attempt at decapitation on the head of the prisoner. Preparations for the execution were accordingly commenced in a large square near the palace. A vast multitude assembled to witness the spectacle.

The sentence of death was read in the presence of the people who, on tiptoe, awaited the result.—The high sheriff was ordered to come forward and perform his duty. The respectable officer, without the least embarrassment of manner, approached the trembling victim, and ordered him to kneel and lay his head upon the block. Then grasping the hilt of his sword, Eskigi Meimet Effendi uttered the following prayer in the hearing of the crowd around the platform:—"Allah! who art above all human wisdom and all human judgment, if the convict whose head I am here ordered to sever from his body, be innocent, turn, I pray thee, the steel of my sword into wood, so that I may commit no injustice!" He immediately unsheathed his blade, and to the inexpressible amazement of the spectators, it was, indeed, turned to wood. The people shouted with one acclaim, "a miracle!"—They looked with awe and admiration upon the man, whose faith, they believed, had brought it to pass. The prisoner was rescued amid cheers and congratulations. The high sheriff was borne along upon the shoulders of the multitude into the imperial presence.

As soon as that exemplary executioner laid eyes upon his sovereign, he at once recognized him for one of the dervishes, who had so often visited his house of late. He immediately prostrated himself before the throne, for he knew that the grand seignor was well aware of the process by which his sword blade had been converted from steel to wood. But the sultan re-assured him, and said: "We pardon and reward thee, Eskigi Meimet Effendi, not because thou art a man fertile in expedients, but because thou hast received the blessings of Allah with thankfulness, and his chastenings with unmurmuring resignation; believing that every thing that happeneth is for the best, and that the great God is just. In this thou hast reached the summit of human wisdom; and what availeth human knowledge where human wisdom is not!—Rise, we promote thee to the office of aga of the village of thy birth, with a salary suited to thy new dignity."

It is superfluous to describe the extravagance of the joy of Eskigi Meimet Effendi. He prostrated himself before the Distributor of thrones and the shadow of God upon earth, in speechless gratitude. On his return home, he cut so many capers, and sang so vociferously, that his wife at first apprehended that his intellect was unhinged. She received the intelligence of his good fortune with astonishment and delight. The next day, with his family, he removed to the seat of his government; and tradition assures us, that the village over which he ruled was nearly as luminous by night as by day, and that oil and candles were the principal commodities to be found in the place.

Say not, O reader, that Eskigi Meimet Effendi was either a profligate or a fool; but receive this truth as the moral of his story; that there is no human lot so humble or so dark, that it may not be illumined by the lamp of faith and the benign radiance of a grateful and contented spirit.—*New York Mirror.*

TO THE FIRST SPRING BIRD.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Blue bird! on yon leafless tree,
Dost thou carol so to me?
"Spring is coming!—spring is here!"
Say'st thou so my bird so dear?
What is that in misty shroud,
Stealing from the darken'd cloud?
Snow!—my friend!—it gathers round,
Deeply o'er the whiten'd ground,—
Still thou singest, blithe and clear,
"Spring is coming!—spring is here!"

Strik'st thou not too bold a strain?
Winds are piping o'er the plain,
Clouds are sweeping o'er the sky,
With a black and threat'ning eye;
Urchins, by the frozen rill,
Wrap their mantles closer still;
Yon poor man with doublet old,
Doth he shiver at the cold?
Hath he not a nose of blue?
Tell me birdling, tell me true.

Spring's a maid of mirth and glee,
Rosy wreaths and revelry,—
Hast thou woo'd some winged love
To a nest in a verdant grove?
Sung to her of greenwood bower,
Sunny skies that never lower?
Lur'd her with thy promise fair,
Of a lot that knows no care?
Prythee, bird, in coat of blue,
Though her lover—tell her true.

Ask her if, when storms are long,
She can sing a cheerful song—
When the rude wind rocks the tree,
If she'll closer cling to thee;—
Then the blasts that sweep the sky
Unappall'd shall pass thee by;
Through thy curtain'd chamber show
Siftings of untimely snow,
Warm and glad thy heart shall be—
Love shall make it Spring for thee.

Hartford, Conn. Jan. 25, 1839.

THE DIVINE GEORGIANA.

Georgiana Merivale was, at the age of seventeen, a most lovely creature. The epithets of charming, fascinating, beautiful, bewitching, &c. were prodigally bestowed on her person, and she accepted the said epithets with all possible self-satisfaction. Georgiana was a prodigious pet, not merely of her mother, but also of Lady Canterhill, an aunt of very considerable pretensions in the fashionable world. It was the daily occupation of the honorable Mrs. Merivale and Lady Canterhill to spoil Georgiana, a task in which they succeeded wonderfully; the young lady herself possessing more than an ordinary capacity for being spoilt.

Two hundred and fifty times a day, Georgiana was told that she was the prettiest girl in London; and sooth to say, she never would contradict her partial relatives on this point, however much she might be at variance with them on other subjects. But this excessive affection of mother and aunt did not spring from the pure sources of natural feeling—it was a sensation of the head more than of the heart. The ladies, two of the most worldly of all possible worldly beings, considered the young girl as a most valuable stock in trade—a commodity, indeed, that was sure to fetch an immense price—probably a duke, but certainly nothing less than a baron. How could it be otherwise? Georgiana was remarkably handsome; then her manner, her address, her accomplishments, her *fashion*, and, the last not least, two thousand pounds a year, were things not to be treated with slight consideration. Although the tribe of lady-manœuvrers is unfortunately extensive in the select circles, still the honorable Mrs. Merivale might, without fear of being unjust to the sisterhood, be reckoned the greatest and the most heartless intriguer of them all. Being a scion of a most needy fraction of the aristocracy, she had, kind soul! condescended to *throw herself away* upon Anthony Merivale, Esq. a gentleman of good family, but who had been convicted of the heinous offence of having acquired a fortune by a process of laborious industry in the east end of the town.

Every genuine feeling of nature had been cautiously checked in their first growth and Georgiana was insensibly shaped into an artificial automaton. All her ideas and speculations were centered in one point—to secure a *great match;* this, according to the worthy folks by whom she was surrounded, constituted the sum total of the purposes for which she had come into this world. With regard to the means by which that *summum bonum* was to be achieved, it was prudently decided that scruples were sad stumbling-blocks in the way of match-making; and, that there were times when young girls were allowed to make liberal sacrifices of that delicacy of sentiment, that innate modesty, and that shrinking timidity, which constitute the most valuable part of the sex. Georgiana had such edifying maxims as the following constantly ringing in her ear: "Men like to be courted—men are fond of flirting—men always flock round a fascinating coquette," and so forth. Georgiana possessing a remarkable aptitude to learn such wholesome precepts, treasured them carefully in her memory, and made a pious resolution to put them in practice to the utmost of her power.

On the occasion of her first coming out, she was properly schooled in the principal rules of the science she was going to profess. Balls and parties were not to be considered as mere amusement, but as important occupations, on the successful cultivation of which depended the whole happiness of her future life. In the catechism of match-making, the chief rule to be learned, is a deep concentration of selfishness, and a total apathy to men and things. Georgiana was of course duly instructed in the mysteries of the art—who were the eligibles and who the objectionables—with whom she might condescend to flirt in the first and second degree—and whom she was to cut and avoid like the cholera morbus. Georgiana certainly made a great sensation the first season: a colonel, a Sir Something, and two younger brothers, were particularly assiduous to her, but as these came within the pale of the objectionables, they were very properly discouraged and dismissed. Sir Vincent Blakley appeared powerfully smitten: he popped the question, but received a politely supercilious refusal from the provident mamma, who wanted to catch a duke, or at least a baron—not a baronet. Georgiana amused herself prodigiously the first season: all was new to her—the constant succession of new faces—the glare—the noise—the brilliant confusion of the ball-room, filled her giddy mind. She had no views to form, and in the turmoil of the gay scene, she almost forgot that the object of her going into the world was to catch a duke, or at least a baron.

Georgiana was fortunately endowed but with a slender portion of feeling—that slender portion, perhaps, she had already intrusted into the keeping of Fred Sandford; but still her slumbers were not disturbed. Her prudent mamma had told her that love was folly, and besides, she was too young to know the real state of her feelings; at all events, Sandford was by no means a suitable match, and she must instantly discard him from her mind. This the dutiful Georgiana did with exemplary resignation. She discarded Sandford. Sandford smiled scornfully, called her a flirt, and then consoled himself with another flirt. Georgiana continued her triumphant career of conquest; and the second season she had actually fought, vanquished, and lay prostrate at her feet, a rich nabob, with a face as yellow as his guineas, two captains, an Irish lord, and a host of other lesser prizes. Still her exploits had not extended to the subjugation of a duke, or even a baron—that is, a baron with an English peerage. Lord O'Crackling, a needy Scotch nobleman, was very assiduous in offering his large red hand and his poverty to the "Divine Georgiana;" but Georgiana was not quite so ready in accepting the said red digital appendage.

At the end of the third season, Georgiana was pronounced the most accomplished flirt in town. She was a complete master of the smallest *minutiæ* of the art. She knew all the half-and-half words, and the silent looks, by which men are insensibly drawn. She knew also, how and when to hang on her partner's arm—how and when to return a squeeze of the hand—to chat in a spot at a considerable distance from her brother and chaperon—to go down under pretence of taking refreshments when no one else of the party went—or to stay in the room when no one else of her party stayed; and she was the most skilful dropper of gloves, fans, and handkerchiefs, ever known. In fact, she was a most accomplished flirt. But it must not be supposed that she attained this extraordinary proficiency all on a sudden. No; great as were her capabilities for learning the art, still there was a progression required in its complete acquisition. Certainly, the flirt of the third season was very different from the flirt of the first. Probably, on her first set out, she would have demurred at certain *trifles*, which gave her now not a moment's thought.

The "Divine Georgiana" was now twenty years of age; and her prudent mamma and Lady Canterhill considered it high time to hold a serious consultation on the one great object that absorbed their whole minds.

"Georgiana," said the honorable Mrs. Merivale, "three years have elapsed now in mere amusement—it is time to come to business. It grieves me to see that tall, gawky Miss Swelburn, your junior by two good years, on the point of making so excellent a match, and—"

"Really, mamma, it is no fault of mine. I have done all in my power; but I cannot *force* the men to offer. I am sure I have given them encouragement enough, if they were the least inclined."

"Well, well, it's no use to quarrel," interfered Lady Canterhill. "The fact is that Georgiana has been too miscellaneous—too promiscuous in her flirtations. But we must remedy the evil the ensuing season."

The lessons of the dowagers were not thrown away on their intelligent pupil. She dropped one by one all her former admirers, and limited her flirtations to the most decided "eligibles" in the ball-room.

"Pray, Lady Oldstring, who is that fair, stumpy, rolly-polly sort of a man, dancing with Georgiana? he appears so very much struck."

"Oh! that is Sir Robert Gooseball, a baronet of ten thousand a year, and great expectations from an asthmatic old uncle in Bombay."

From this moment, Lady Canterhill gave it as her decided opinion that Georgiana should *stick* with all possible pertinacity to the rolly-polly baronet. The honorable Mrs. Merivale consented to descend from her altitudes concerning dukes and barons, and appeared satisfied with Gooseball's ten thousand and his asthmatic Bombay uncle. A most deep conspiracy was now entered upon against the batchelorship of the baronet. Georgiana would not allow him to breathe: she soon perceived that Sir Robert was no genius—nay, she even conceded that he answered marvelously to the first half of his name. But then it is not necessary that a man with ten thousand a year, independently of great expectations, should be encumbered with any superfluous sense or learning—Sir Robert would do very well for a husband. The nincompoop baronet was highly flattered to see the preference which the "Divine Georgiana" accorded him over a host of admirers; and he very kindly took it for granted that his personal merits had captivated the fair one. *Time flew.* Georgiana prudently discarded one or two favorite flirtation-mongers, and devoted her whole and exclusive attention to the hooking the odd-fish "with the ten thousand." Every one declared it was a match. Sir Robert scarcely quitted the side of his Georgiana: at the opera, the ball-room, the dinner-table, he was constantly seen dancing attendance.

"Well, but when does he mean to propose?" quoth the mother.

"He seems a bashful man," said Lady Canterhill; "Georgiana, you ought to have *helped* him a little."

"And so I have," answered Georgiana; "but he's such a booby."

However, one night as Sir Robert escorted the "Divine Georgiana" to her carriage, he appeared more affected than ever, and he gave her a most expressive and conclusive squeeze of the hand, graced with a couple of attendant sighs, such, indeed, as no one would have given the baronet credit for being capable to utter. Of course, it was expected that Sir Robert would come the next day, and bring the affair to a satisfactory conclusion. But no; instead of Sir Robert, only his card came, and on that card, O horrible! on that fatal card were seen the ominous letters P. P. C. most intelligibly written in bold round capitals. This card produced an immense deal of staring and dumb pantomime, expressive of surprise, horror, resentment, shame, anger, wonderment, and bewilderment—the disappointed ladies concluded by saying that there was "no faith in man."

Now, to have been made the dupe of such a very absurd personage as the fair, stumpy, rolly-polly baronet, was an humiliation which drove the "Divine Georgiana" almost to madness. But we must explain the extraordinary conduct of Sir Robert. He was a goose—granted; a man with only about one idea and a half in his empty noddle—allowed; a boor just let loose from the fens of Lincolnshire—granted again; ignorant of society, and to all appearance a most desirable flat for a designing woman to practice upon. But for all this, the baronet was profoundly versed in the art of taking care of number one. Like most persons of weak intellects, he possessed a good share of that sort of cunning, which stands the owner in lieu of more noble qualities, and is often of greater service in the world. Sir Robert had at first conceived that the "Divine Georgiana" had fairly fallen in love with him; but when a d—d good-natured friend whispered in his ear, that the fond lady was subject to frequent fits of the malady, and when another d—d good-natured soul gave him a long and circumstantial list of the "Divine Georgiana's" admirers, characterising the various shades of flirtation with which she had honored them—the booby baronet thought it high time to sound a retreat, and leave Georgiana to continue her matrimonial assaults and battery against new comers.

Time passed on, and the scheming dowagers to their horror perceived that, in spite of the most assiduous and skilful adoption of all the rules of manœuvring, no fish of any consequence was brought to net. Moreover, the reign of the "Divine Georgiana" was over. It is folly in a beauty of whatever rank and proportions, to imagine that her reign is to extend beyond two, or at least three seasons. New champions come to dispute the field. The arbiters of fashion, and the young men about town, quickly array themselves around the banner of new faces, leaving the old ones, like old acquaintances, to take care of themselves. It cannot, therefore, be too much inculcated on speculating mammas and skilful chaperons, to get rid of their wares to the highest bidder, in the very first years of their bringing their goods into the market. It is surprising how things deteriorate and lose in their original value, by remaining long on hand: the continued display of a fancy article in a shop window, or in a ball-room, after a certain period, is highly injurious; as it is to be expected that a new fashion will come and throw the said fancy article on the shelf. It is well known, that among fancy articles, the most fanciful of all is a woman: it is quite as much exposed to fade, deteriorate, and lose its charms, by remaining too long "unmarried" in the atmosphere of ball-rooms, as any other article of finery by remaining in the shop. In both cases, the article loses its freshness by constant handling and by being exposed to a dozen little accidents which detract from its intrinsic value. This profound dissertation we have been induced to make for the benefit of those who take any interest in the market. And now to proceed.

When the "Divine Georgiana" was in her twenty-third year, she discovered, to her great horror and consternation, that all the weapons and ammunition of the flirting warfare had totally lost their power. Her most destructive glances were shot without producing the least sensation. Her smiles—her sharp-shooting of sighs—were all in vain. Nay, when she came to a more decided and close attack, she had the mortification to find that her *impassioned* pressure of the hand, her languishing, fixed, and determined stare, failed to produce the desired effect. In fact, instead of attracting she repelled the "*eligibles*," and of course she had lost time enough in idle skirmishing with the unmarriageable *flirters* and "detrimentals." She could not afford to lose her powder in a mere sham fight. Lady Canterhill began to look grave on the subject, and she wondered prodigiously; yet her ladyship ought not to have wondered so much either. If she had taken time to reflect that her divine niece enjoyed now the notorious reputation of a "desperate flirt trying to catch a husband," she would have found nothing very extraordinary in the "eligibles" taking their measures of precaution against her matrimonial aggressions. A desperate flirt of six years standing, trying to catch a husband, is "no go," and unless a booby be trepanned into the noose, the said experienced veteran must shift her quarters, and try her skill in a different scene of operations. The "Divine Georgiana" was still very handsome, but then she was also deucedly affected and *manierée:* from the curve of her smile to the very minutest shake of a curl, all was matter of study with the husband-hunting lady. She was rich too; but all her advantages failed her, unless, indeed, she had been willing to stoop to *buy* a husband. Men are always to be found. But then she considered her case not yet so desperate, and was determined to postpone the purchase to a future opportunity.

At Brighton the hopes of the husband hunting trio became suddenly raised to an extraordinary degree. Lord Fellingham, a nobleman who had been absent for some years on the continent, had just returned from his travels, and was now "Octoberising" at Brighton. This travelled lord seemed to be struck with the "Divine Georgiana," or at least, her mother—and the imaginative Lady Canterhill, thought so. Here was something worth trying for, and Georgiana did try with all her soul; so much indeed, that the lord, who had his own dose of self conceit, imagined that he had *really* made a powerful impression on the heart of the love-stricken divinity. Things proceeded for some time in a most agreeable manner. Lord Fellingham and Georgiana walked, danced, and rode out together. The honorable Mrs. Merivale was in a flutter of hope—Lady Canterhill began to trouble her wise head concerning the "*trousseau*" and other equally important matters, and Georgiana conceived that her laborious pursuits were drawing to a close. Lord Fellingham was indeed a most decided "eligible"—a peerage—fifteen thousand a year—an old castle in the north, and a splendid mansion in one of the orthodox squares, and unquestionable rank in the fashionable world, [illegible] literally disturbed their [illegible] the personal merits of [illegible] a subject on which not [illegible] bestowed by the speculat[illegible] had been a sad reprobate [illegible] was now on the wrong [illegible] been, moreover, guilty of [illegible] procured him the epithet [illegible] alias "an unprincipled [illegible] been of late deeply eng[illegible] reform. Lord Fellingham's [illegible] address, and his figure [illegible] and, besides, a complete [illegible] and a tolerable pair of eyes [illegible] he had made such rapid [illegible] heart of the "Divine Georgiana." [illegible]

Things had now arrived [illegible] and gentlemen, and servants [illegible] stare and look puzzled. [illegible] and Georgiana became the [illegible] serious whispers, winks, [illegible] ble Mrs. Merivale was [illegible] these whispers and winks [illegible] count of their envy and [illegible] was about to obtain the [illegible] anxiety and manœuvring. Georgiana, too, was in a thrill of delight—her lover was impassioned, and so rich! He was certainly most desperately in love. Georgiana's conquest had been complete, and she felt no ordinary degree of vanity at so happy a result. Lord Fellingham, being so "desperately in love," made no scruple of taking divers very considerable liberties with the darling object of his affection, and the darling object, on the other hand, did not seem troubled with any redundancy of "virgin modesty and coyness," and all that sort of thing. Why should she, with her future husband?

"When does he intend to propose?" observed the mother.

"I am expecting the 'question every moment,'" answered the daughter.

One day they happened to be left by themselves, by chance—a most judicious and well-regulated chance, by-the-bye. Lord Fellingham's flame burnt more brightly than ever. His eye emitted forth a conflagration of love. After two, or three, or six, or ten preliminary kisses, in a voice broken by emotion, his enamoured lordship exclaimed, "O my Georgiana! when will you make me the happiest of men!"

Georgiana's heart throbbed at this critical moment—here was the "question" at last. But stay—was there not something ambiguous in the way of putting the question? No; his lordship was a man of high breeding, and could not be expected to "offer his hand" in a common way, like any vulgar wife seeking shopkeeper, or any other mere nobody. Georgiana attempted a blush, which certainly proved a failure; but her tender look told amazingly: for his lordship, being at this precise moment "most desperately in love," suddenly threw his arms round the divinity, and—when lo! a noise was heard, and presently the honorable Mrs. Merivale and Lady Canterhill made their appearance, just in time to check the progress of this very interesting scene. Shortly after, Lord Fellingham took his leave.

"Well, Georgiana, is it all right?"

"All right," answered Georgian, with a graceful toss of the head, which I suppose was meant to express a full confidence in her power.

But two days after something occurred to ruffle the temper of the "Divine Georgiana." She perceived Lord Fellingham paying more attention than was necessary, to a young dashing lady, who had just made her appearance in Brighton. Under existing circumstances, the tone of intimacy exhibited by his lordship was certainly anything but generous and proper. What could Lord Fellingham mean by such behaviour? Lady Canterhill counselled her niece not to be rash and precipitate; but without being either one or the other, matters had arrived now at a pass which certainly required full and immediate explanation. Lord Fellingham came, and by another *judicious* chance, was again left alone with his Georgiana. He carried the thing off with most extraordinary coolness, and talked of his love and adoration, and rapture and bliss, and so forth, as if Georgiana were really the only female in the whole world. But Georgiana considered it indispensable to pout, and look indignant to the very tip of her fingers. Her reserve and coldness made her lover stare. Hereupon a prodigious quantity of wonder and surprise took place. Lord Fellingham was astonished at Georgiana's change, and the lady was perfectly bewildered at his lordship's vast assurance. The lover then called her cruel and heartless—swore she wanted to discard him from her heart, and cause his death, &c. &c.

"In the name of justice, what have I done to deserve this coldness?"

"What have you done, my lord! do you suppose that the marked—very marked attentions which you pay a certain lady——"

"What lady! Do you mean the one I rode out with yesterday?"

"Yes, my lord, I do."

"'Pon honor! ha! ha!—an excellent joke. Well, my Georgiana, if you have no other grounds for jealousy, I can soon dispel your fears."

"What!" exclaimed Georgiana, with a look of hope and joy; "then you are not false to me?"

"False!" exclaimed his lordship. "Ah! you wrong me."

"Then the lady is your sister," observed Georgiana.

"No—not my sister," answered Lord Fellingham; "but what comes to the same—Lady Fellingham—my wife!"

"Your wife!" screamed out the "Divine Georgiana," falling back on her chair.

Here was a "*coup de theatre.*"

"And have I been *losing* all this time on a married man!" Quit this room, my lord."

Lord Fellingham essayed to remonstrate, but in vain. The "Divine Georgiana" looked now very considerably like a demon; her shame and rage would scarcely allow her to vent her agitation in language. She rung the bell—the peer knew not what to make of the scene. The honorable Mrs. Merivale and Lady Canterhill rushed into the room. They beheld Georgiana in a most agitated condition, and his lordship looking very much like an astounded ninny. But he summoned up his courage to address the ladies.

"I'm afraid there is some strange mistake here," said he, and making an apology, took his departure.

"Georgiana, child, for mercy sake explain," cried both the dowagers in a breath, and in the most nervous agitation.

"*He is married!*" answered Georgiana.

"Married! how's this!" quoth the mother; "you told us that he *proposed.*"

"I thought he did."

"Thought! pretty business you have made," interposed Lady Canterhill. "how did he propose—what did he say?"

"He said, '*O my Georgiana, when will you make me the happiest of men?*'"

"Oh, is that all?"

Hereupon the two dowagers looked marvellously foolish and disconcerted. It was evident that his lordship, by the word *happiness*, understood something else beside *marriage;* and it may be easily conceived that this discovery was not at all gratifying to the proud ladies. The next day they sounded a retreat from Brighton. Indeed, the "strange mistake" soon became the theme of general conversation, and the thing produced no small degree of merriment. Poor Georgiana! she had not merely thrown away two months on a married man, but she had lost all the kisses, *et cetera*, which she had advanced *on account.* This was really mortifying. The discomfited ladies hastened to rusticate in a remote corner of the country. But even this seclusion did not appear sufficient to cover the ridicule occasioned by "the strange mistake." Lady Canterhill proposed a couple of years' absence on the continent, as the most prudent plan of conduct that could be pursued.

Preparations to quit England were made in a moment, and the "Divine Georgiana," with shame and sorrow, and a recollection of Fred Sandford, now took her departure, in company of her provident mamma and wise aunt. But her sorrow and her shame were not of long duration; change of scene produced a marvellous effect on her spirits, and she contrived to flirt her way through France, Spain, Italy, and Greece, in the most agreeable manner. But still the "Divine Georgiana" was single.

T. de T. C.

THE JOYLESS MARINER.

His life is on the mountain wave,
His soul upon its billows tossed,
Where storms and tempests wildly rave,
And all he loved is wrecked and lost.
Away, away, he speeds his flight,
Afar from home, from hope, and bliss,
Still onward in the gloom of night,
To deeper, darker glooms than this.

A few short days of sunny youth,
A few bright seasons o'er him flew,
While peace and joy, and love, and truth
Beamed brightly as the morning dew.
This world was then so purely bright
These waves so placid mild and free,
None ever saw such liquid light,
None ever sailed so smooth at sea.

She, whom he loved, his chosen one,
Who could his every care beguile,
His morning light, his noon-day sun,
She bent on him a woman's smile,
She smiled; and oh, how sweet the breeze
That bore him gently o'er the tide!
Nor Heaven, nor Earth, nor skies, nor seas
Could move one muscle ere she died.

She died; and now his shattered bark
A perfect wreck is doomed to be,
The sport of chance, upon the dark,
Dark bosom of a troubled sea,
Where wind and wave in concert roar
[illegible]
Or sink forgotten to the deep!
J. H. P.

THE SILK CULTURIST.

Extract of a letter to the Publisher, dated Fredonia, Ohio, April 23, 1839.

The morus multicaulis mulberry business is going on well here: two brothers in this place that were poor two years ago bought 31 dollars worth of sprouts two years ago, by attending to them well, they have become worth ten thousand dollars, and it is thought by next fall if the prices keep up they will be independent. The cuttings here are worth four dollars per hundred, and the trees $1 per foot, and few that can be had at any price.

The following paper was handed to the chair during the sitting of the late Convention at Baltimore, by the Rev. Mr. McLean, of New Jersey: it was read, and ordered to be entered upon the Journal.

Much doubt having been entertained by our farmers and others, whether the production of silk could be made profitable in this country, the Monmouth County Silk Manufacturing Company, of New Jersey, last spring, offered a premium of eighty dollars to the person who would produce the greatest number of pounds of cocoons from the sixteenth of an acre.

In order in some measure to test the matter of profit, with reference to this premium, and anxious myself to see what could be done the first season, even by the most inexperienced, I measured and planted with the Morus Multicaulis the sixteenth of an acre.

The ground was laid off in a parallelogram form, about thirty by ninety feet. The soil was not rich, and no more than two ordinary loads of manure, worth one dollar each, was put on the lot. I planted roots the growth of the previous season, in an upright form in rows eighteen inches apart, and the trees about ten inches apart in the rows—twenty three hundred and twenty roots in all. The ground was by no means suitable for trees, being a cold heavy clay, they were accordingly small—not having attained an average of more than three feet the whole season. The roots were planted the 20th of April. In order to have the full advantage of the growth of the leaves, I intended to feed but few worms at a time, and have successive crops.

On the 13th of June, when my trees were about eighteen inches high, my first eggs hatched; the next hatched June 20th, sooner than I expected or intended. Fearing I might get no more eggs to hatch, I fed about twelve thousand worms on the 16th. The trees being small, and the season exceedingly dry, the leaves grew very slow. About a week before the worms spun, I took from the worms I was feeding on the leaves produced on the sixteenth of an acre, about five thousand, and borrowed and weighed the leaves to carry these through. To do this required one hundred and forty-three pounds of leaves. The worms thus fed, together with a few hundred of the two crop variety fed late in the season, produced *thirty-eight pounds and eleven ounces* of cocoons. After deducting the proper amount for leaves borrowed, which, according to Count Dandolo, is twenty-one pounds of leaves for each pound of cocoons—six pounds and thirteen ounces being deducted, I had from the sixteenth of an acre *thirty-one pounds and fourteen ounces* of cocoons. About nine pounds of these cocoons were the mammoth white, the balance were the common sulphur, except about two pounds of the two crop variety. I was entirely ignorant of the process of feeding when I commenced, and indeed of the necessary fixtures and accommodations for feeding to advantage. I fed them as much as they would eat, kept the hurdles clean, and the room well ventilated. The weather was exceedingly warm during the whole time of feeding, but the worms were remarkably healthy, and all wound in about thirty to thirty-four days.

Now as to the matter of profit, if thirty-one pounds fourteen ounces is produced from the sixteenth of an acre, then *five hundred and ten pounds* is produced from the acre.

If the cocoons are worth forty cents per pound, which I presume is a low estimate, and if they are sold to the manufacturers, then the proceeds of an acre will be $204. In regard to the expense of feeding, I do not deem it necessary to enter into particulars; these, indeed, it is difficult accurately to estimate. They consist in interest on investment for trees, rent of land, and of cocoonery, and the wages of persons employed in feeding. In very many cases the whole expense to the farmer will be merely nominal, the work will be done by children, or persons who perhaps would do but little else, and the rent of cocoonery would be nothing, for a barn, a shed, or a garret may be used, where little or no expense will be incurred. But in any event I regard it as certain that the expense could not exceed the rate of $100 per acre, which would leave a nett profit of $104 per acre. Now I would ask, can our farmers *desire* a better return than this? Do they realise the one-half of this as nett profit per acre from their *very best lands* in any other agricultural pursuits? And here let it be observed, the above is the result of *actual experiment*, and not merely *calculation*. It is a calculation founded on what I have actually done; and that others may do the same, or even far more, I have no manner of doubt, for there is no mystery whatever in feeding the worms; the whole art consists in keeping each day's hatching by themselves, by feeding as much as they will eat, in keeping them clean and well ventilated, and with a good crop of eggs success is absolutely certain.

But I am persuaded the nett profit per acre may be safely put at *double* the above amount, viz: $208. For, owing to the impossibility of procuring eggs, and the fact that my worms were all fed before my trees had attained much more than half their growth, I did not feed half the worms which I had leaves to feed. In this opinion every judicious silk-grower who has seen my trees, concurs. *But even if only* $104 nett profit can be obtained from the acre the *first* year, the amount in proportion which I *actually produced*, what may be reasonably expected the *second*, the *third*, the *fourth*, and the *fifth years?* So far as I am informed, it is allowed that the amount of foliage each succeeding year, while the trees are comparatively young, will be so much greater, that the grower can feed at least one-third more each year than were fed on the same trees the preceding year. The nett profit then will be, after a very large allowance for expenses, *first year*, $104; *second year*, $138 65; *third year*, $184 88; *fourth year*, $246 50; and *the fifth year*, $328 56.

But another view of the subject may be taken, when the nett profit per acre will be much larger than the above: *Every grower ought*, and undoubtedly will, ultimately reel his own cocoons, instead of taking them to the manufacturer to be reeled. My own experience in reeling, convinces me that there is really no great difficulty in reeling the cocoons. A little experience will enable any one to do it with ease and facility; and if the grower reels his own cocoons, his profits per acre, will be at least one-forth more than the above estimate or calculation. That is, the nett profit per acre will be, *the first year*, $130; *the second year*, $173 32; *the third year*, $231 10; *the fourth year*, $308 12; and *the fifth year*, $410 70.

The above estimates, I know, are much *below* the estimates of many writers on this subject, but I am aware that even these will appear large to those whose minds have been but little turned to the production of Silk; and the *very fact* that the profits are represented as being *so large*, may make many persons incredulous. But why should it have such an effect? A new road to wealth is just opening. It is as yet, indeed, in a great measure untried, but "hope dawns auspicious, and promises that the day and its brightness shall be ours." I would not endeavor to persuade a single individual in the community to engage in this enterprise, if I did not believe he would reap a most liberal reward for his expenditure and labor. With a climate and soil as congenial to the mulberry and silk-worm as any on the globe,—with an annual consumption of not far from $25,000,000, and this constantly increasing,—and with a population as enterprising and ingenious as any on earth, how can we fail of success? Less than fifty years since, we were just commencing to grow and manufacture cotton. Now it has advanced from nothing to be a principal source of our national wealth—though confined to less than half the Union. And I appeal to the intelligence of every reflecting man, is it not more probable now that in forty years to come, Silk will be a great national interest, than it was forty years since that cotton would be now such an interest.

No enterprise could ever be commenced under more favorable circumstances. The acts of congress, and of the legislatures of many of the States, shew that they regard with interest and favor, the introduction of this new branch of industry. A few hundred dollars will furnish a sufficient stock of the Morus Multicaulis to make a beginning, and such is and will continue to be the demand for these trees, that a part may be sold the first season to defray the original cost, and if success should not equal expectation, nothing is lost. Because I wish my fellow citizens more prosperous and happy, and because I believe the production of Silk in this country is destined, at no distant day, to add more to individual and national wealth, and to the glory of the republic, than any enterprise in which, as a people, we have embarked for the last age, I commend to them this subject.

D. V. McLEAN.

Freehold, N. J. Dec. 6th, 1838.

Fish and Silk.—The New York Journal of Commerce says that an individual has been supplying the Jersey market with shad's eggs in place of silk worm's eggs, at a considerable reduction in price. Sales were made in Monmouth county to the amount of $700. Next year it is expected that shad will be growing on mulberry trees.

From the Silk Culturist.

PROPAGATION OF THE MULTICAULIS.

There are almost as many opinions with respect to the best method of planting the multicaulis, as there are cultivators.

Our own view of this subject is, that under certain circumstances, all these various modes are right, and under certain other circumstances, they may be wrong.

The single bud planting, appears to be the most popular at the present time. We have had some experience, and according to our observation, such trees, or branches, as are not more than three sixteenths of an inch in diameter, should be planted as layers, and if possible, they should have an inch or more, of older wood attached to them. Small single-bud cuttings will indeed start well, and grow from half an inch, to two or three inches, but all this time, they have no root to sustain them, and it very frequently happens, that the inhibitory powers of the stock are exhausted, or suspended, and the shoot suddenly droops and dies. Sometimes, however, the shoots from these cuttings, after attaining a height of some inches, remain nearly stationary during the whole season.

Single-bud cuttings of larger and older wood, do very well, and in fact, this may be considered the best method of planting them.

Cuttings, of half an inch, or more, in diameter, generally send up vigorous shoots, and frequently the doublets, or joints producing two shoots, will amply compensate for such as may entirely fail.

We believe that laying the cuttings horizontally is preferable to the sticking, or perpendicular planting, both as regards the economy of labor, and the probability of growth. In our own plantings, we lay down the small trees entire, root and stem,—larger trees we cut off an inch or two above the root—lay down the roots by themselves, and cut the trunk into single bud cuttings. The branches we make into layers, and manage, as far as practicable, to preserve a T, or piece of mature wood upon their ends. We have thus given our views upon the best method of planting, and if we are *wrong*, we cheerfully consent to be set right.

SILK WORM CLOTH.

A new fabric has been imported from Canton, said to be "used by the Chinese for feeding and rearing silk worms upon. This cloth, which from its peculiar texture, keeps the worm constantly in a healthy state, gives it strength, and greatly increases the quantity of silk." As we have had no opportunity to examine it, we cannot speak of its merits or demerits, and all we can say respecting it, is, that so far as it contributes to the cleanliness and comfort of the worm, it will promote its health, and enable it to increase its product of silk. The material on which the silk worm is fed is of no importance farther than the attainment of these objects, and whether imported from Canton, or produced upon our own soil, is a matter of no consequence to the silk grower.

During the prevalence of the silk mania, as it has been called, we must expect the intermeddling of quackery,—for the silk worm, like ourselves, is subject to disease and death; and we should not be surprised at the announcement of some newly discovered nostrum, or panacea, for the cure of all the "ills the silk worm is heir to." But we consider it a duty, as watchmen upon the silk tower, to caution novices in silk culture against the impositions of silk worm quacks, as well as speculators in spurious varieties of the mulberry. Look well to the kinds of mulberry you purchase, feed and cleanse your worms thoroughly, and you will have no occasion for the advice and prescriptions of a "steam," or silk worm doctor.

OPINION OF THE PRESS.

The culture of Silk has become a subject of much interest in this country, and in consequence of the agency we have had in awakening it, we are solicitous of ascertaining, as far as may be practicable, its extent. In order for this, we would respectfully ask editors of newspapers, especially in the country, to copy this article, give their views of its practicability and importance, and send us a copy of their papers containing them. In doing this, we would not be understood as asking them to favor this new branch of rural industry contrary to the convictions of their judgments; but to give a frank and full avowal of their opinions, whether they may be for or against it. This course, if generally adopted, would furnish data from which we could collect much valuable information, and ascertain, to a good degree, the prevailing sentiment on this subject throughout the country. If gentlemen of the press will do us this favor, we will endeavor to give them something in a condensed form, which will be interesting to their readers. Such as are disposed to aid us in the accomplishment of this object, will please address their papers to the *Silk Culturist, Wethersfield, Connecticut.*

SILK PRIZES.

The Sussex County (N. J.) Silk Society offer the following premiums, viz: for the greatest weight of cocoons from 10 feet square of ground, $10; second greatest $5. The greatest weight of reeled Silk from a similar ground $6; second greatest $4. For the best quarter of a pound of sewing Silk $6; second best $4.

It is stated that the Legislature of nine States in the Union have deemed the Silk culture of sufficient importance to induce them to offer a bounty to their citizens for its production.

Mr. Physick, (a son of the late Dr. Physick,) has built near Germantown a cocoonery 250 feet long, and has an extensive plantation of Morus Multicaulis trees.—Several other large establishments are in operation, and in contemplation, beside the very general movement among the farmers, who are preparing to cultivate Silk as a collateral branch of their agricultural operations.

A Snug Fortune.—The Messrs. Prince, of Flushing, have cleared $230,000 last year, in mulberry trees—and if their agent in Europe had obeyed instructions, they would have cleared $500,000, after paying all expenses. We have this fact from the best authority—one of the firm. They have sold 800,000 trees in ten months.—That's a business.—*N. Y. Herald.*

The Charleston Mercury says that a quantity of Silk-worm Eggs from France, imported direct, had recently been disposed of in that market, and at a rate sufficiently high to afford the importer a profit.

From the N. Y. Jour. of Commerce.

SUICIDE OF ONE OF THE PIRATES OF THE BRAGANZA.

Joseph Ver Bruggen, one of the two pirates who were on Wednesday last convicted in this city of the murder of Capt. Turley of the Braganza, was found dead in his cell this morning, having hung himself during the night. In order to effect his purpose, he tore the blanket of his bed into strips, and wove them together into a rope, and then took one of the wooden slats of his bedstead, and made of it what seamen call a toggle, or in other words he tied the rope across the centre of the slat, and slipped it through the iron grating of his cell, and then pulled in the rope, so that the slat rested across the outside of the bars, and thus formed a beam from which to suspend himself. He then raised himself from the ground, fastened the rope round his neck, and launched himself into eternity. Besides the slat from which he was found hanging, there was also another slat found at the grating, with another rope attached to it, which had evidently broken, from which it would appear that the unfortunate wretch had made one unsuccessful attempt to destroy himself, and only succeeded in the second. He was a native of Antwerp, and 35 years old.

ANOTHER OF THE PIRATES DEAD.

About 7 o'clock on Saturday evening, one of the crew of the Braganza, named James Davys, an Englishman, who had been permitted to testify in the case and who has been, since his arrival, in custody in the debtors' prison, was found in his cell with his throat cut, and the arteries of both his arms severed; the poor wretch was in the last stage of exhaustion from loss of blood.

Joseph Butler, a prisoner who occupied the same room with deceased, was called before the coroner, and stated that he left the cell and went into the kitchen for a few minutes last evening, and on returning found the cell door closed. He, however, forced his way in, and found deceased lying very weak and unable to answer him, and a large quantity of blood upon the floor. On examining the room within, found that his chest had been broken open, and that his razor was gone. This he afterward found in the blood upon the floor.

He immediately raised an alarm, and Captain Dayton came, who hasted to call in Dr. Bedford.

Dr. Bedford stated that, on arriving at the prison, he found deceased completely ex-sanguinated or reduced from exhaustion and loss of blood, found a deep wound in his throat, about four inches in length, which was intersected by another of like dimensions. This wound was dressed, and brandy and water administered, which caused a partial revival. A deep wound was found in each of the arms, which severed in the right arm one, and in the left both of the arteries. These wounds were sufficient to cause death.

He survived but a few minutes after his wounds were dressed.

Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road.—A convention of the friends of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, was to have been held in Connellsville, Pa. on Thursday last. The city of Pittsburg appointed thirteen delegates. The object of the Convention, as stated in the call, was to "devise ways and means to aid in forwarding that important work to a speedy completion."—*Baltimore Patriot.*

Atkinson's Evening Post and Philadelphia Saturday News.

UNDER THE EDITORIAL CHARGE OF
GEORGE R. GRAHAM.

SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1839.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our correspondent "M." tells us very gravely in his *third* "essay," that he never infuses gall into his compositions. We are sorry—the gentleman evidently labors hard to do it. "M." appears to suppose that he was born under so lucky a star, that heaven designed him for a *lawyer* and a *wit*; we presume, however, that there has been a sad mis-entry in the family register. We would advise him to consult "Hague," and get a cast of his nativity.

"X." is under consideration.

"J. S. C." next week.

Samuel Arnold is authorised to act as travelling agent for *Atkinson's Evening Post and Saturday News.* He has appointed T. M. Scott, of Baltimore, as his coadjutor.

A LIBEL SUIT.

It appears that Mr. Jarvis, the editor of the "World," has been bound over by Alderman Hay, in the sum of one thousand dollars, to appear at the next session of the Criminal Court, to answer for an alledged libel on *Dr. Hunt!! Whew!!* Does Hunt suppose that a jury can be found shameless enough to sustain him in the circulation of his indecencies. There is too much of the good *friendly* tone for morals in this city, to convict a man for an assault upon one of the strong holds of vice and immorality. The descendants of Penn have too strongly *inoculated* this community with their high moral virtues, their unyielding integrity, and their stern and unflinching opposition to wrong of every shade. Since the game is up, we imagine that Hunt will hear the shout of many huntsmen, and we predict that Mr. Jarvis will be in at the death.

THE PHILADELPHIA BUTCHERS.

A large meeting of the Butchers of the city and county of Philadelphia was held on Monday evening last, when it was unanimously agreed, that hereafter they will not pay more than ten dollars per hundred for cattle. They call upon the citizens to aid them in suppressing the pernicious practice of "forestalling," and we have no doubt that they will meet with the encouragement and support, which their praiseworthy endeavors demand. The practice of speculating in provisions has for a long time been the subject of complaint, and now that a serious combination is met by manful resistance, it becomes heads of families to lend all the aid in their power. The farmer, of course, is entitled to a fair price for his meat, and very rarely obtains more, but it is the practice of selling to drovers, who have of late become unprincipled speculators, that is deprecated. They have formed themselves into regularly organised bodies. The manner in which these forestallers and monopolisers manage their business appears to be thus:—When a demand for cattle is manifested either in Philadelphia, Baltimore, or New York, or any other of the intermediate towns between the East and the West, a courier or express is immediately despatched to that point where the cattle are concentrated, and a requisition is made for such number only as will be necessary to maintain these unjust prices, and a scarcity of cattle—consequently, this combination of men have the control of the market, and extort from the Butcher, thus circumstanced, almost any price for their stock.

We hope that the position assumed by the Philadelphia Butchers will be maintained, and for ourselves we have vowed not to eat beef until the prices are down.

THE NEWS.

The news by the Liverpool, is of quite a pacific nature. Great Britain understands her true interests. She has no desire to war with her own commerce, and to make an enemy of her best friend. There is some little blustering in the leading tory prints, but the arguments are directed more against Lord Palmerston and the Ministry than to the merits of the question at issue. The elements of a rebellion appear to be at work upon her own soil, and it is probable that she will have enough to do to calm the turbulence of the lower classes at home, without bringing the thunder of her guns, to bear upon so frivolous a question, as the controversy between Maine and New Brunswick has presented. Meanwhile all croakings upon the subject have ceased, and reasonable men on both sides of the water would start and stare at the bare mention of a probability of war between the two nations. The controversy will doubtless, be speedily brought to a termination by a satisfactory arrangement between the two governments.

DR. CHAUNCEY.

The sentence of the court was pronounced on Monday last upon Dr. Henry Chauncey by Judge King. He was sentenced to five years hard labor and solitary confinement in the Eastern Penitentiary, to pay the costs of prosecution, and to stand committed till the sentence is complied with.

AN INTERESTING TRIAL.

A trial of deep interest is now in progress in New York. It is an action instituted by the United States against Samuel L. Governeur, to recover $100,560 79, moneys had and received, balance alleged to be due the United States—the alleged indebtedness having been incurred while the defendant was officiating as Post Master of the city of New York. B. F. Butler and James H. Hamilton, Esq's. appeared on the part of the government, and for the defendant, Hon. Samuel L. Southard, Charles J. Ingersoll, J. P. Hall, and Jesse Oakley, Esqs. appeared.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Concert at the Philadelphia Museum this evening, will be given by the accomplished vocalist, Mrs. Watson, assisted by some of the most popular performers.

The Chinese collection in the lower Saloon of the Philadelphia Museum, is well worthy of a visit. The figures are arranged in groups in their native costumes, amid many thousand specimens of natural curiosities.

Catlin's Indian Gallery in the Saloon of the Arcade, is open to-day for the last time. We cannot too strongly impress upon our readers the importance of paying it a visit before it is closed. It has been collected by the proprietor at great expense, who intends to remove it to Europe, where perchance it will remain.

At the American Museum, corner of Fifth and Chesnut streets, may be seen the Panoramic Spectacle of the Conflagration of Moscow. The proprietor also announces a short engagement of Mr. Skelline, the admired comic Lecturer and Ventriloquist.

The Exhibition of the Philadelphia Artists, should be visited by every lover of the fine arts. It is probable that it will not be open long. Exhibition rooms in Chesnut above Sixth streets.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

An advertisement appears in several daily papers, which is calculated to excite considerable interest. We allude to that in which Mr. Evans, of Pittsburgh, offers $5000 to any individual who may succeed in exploding a steam boiler, to which the new apparatus, the invention of Mr. E. may be attached. The advertisement is accompanied with strong testimonials from gentlemen thoroughly acquainted with the subject, and the invention appears to be the best thing of the kind ever submitted to public consideration.

The editor of the Baltimore Patriot has been shown a $50 counterfeit note on the Bank of United States—letter D. No. 813, dated Dec. 23, 1836, which at a hasty glance, appeared to be well executed.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CASE.

The decision of the Supreme Court in bank, was delivered on Wednesday morning last. Chief Justice Gibson read the opinion of the Court on the motion for a new trial. The decision of the Court was, that the "exscinding resolutions of the Assembly of 1837, were constitutional, and that they were not to be considered in the light of a judicial sentence, but as a Legislative Act merely, and that the matter was not cognizable by a civil tribunal." A new trial was awarded.

Judge Rogers, stated, that to avoid any misunderstanding, he wished it to be understood that he adhered to his original opinion, and that he still considered the Act of the Old School party a judicial Act, that it was irregular and tyranical, and that consequently he had not assented to the opinion of his brethren of the bench.

It has been doubted whether the matter will be carried farther, the weight of judicial opinion being so strong against the New School party. This is another of the thousand instances of a kind, which give evidence of the fallacy of human judgment. Here we have the opinion of a jury of twelve men and of a Judge upon one side of the question, and the positive decision of three Judges upon the other.

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree."

CASE OF DR. DYOTT.

The case of this individual still occupies the attention of the Court of Criminal Sessions. Mr. Stephen Simpson is, of course, the principal witness for the commonwealth, but the same mass of testimony will necessarily be waded through, as was presented before the Court when application was made for the benefit of the Insolvent act. During the delivery of the testimony of Mr. Simpson, the Doctor took occasion to call him a liar, and was finally removed from the bar of the Court at the instance of Judge Conrad, who said, "The situation of the prisoner, being a defendant in a criminal case, is sufficient to command the sympathy and kind feeling of the Court, and I feel disposed to deal kindly with every defendant, unless he forfeits his claim by his own conduct. His repeated breach of order cannot be excused. Let him be removed from out of the bar. If there were a criminal dock in the Court room, I should feel obliged to order him into it."

HARRISBURG.

Tuesday last, was the day appointed for the assembling of the Legislature, but neither house had members present sufficient for a quorum. The Capitol appears to be filled with anxious expectants of office. Mr. Stevens had arrived, and a meeting of the opposite party had been held, to devise means to prevent him from taking his seat. It will be remembered that he refused, at the last session to have any thing to do with the House. It is supposed that there will be some difficulty about the matter, and we may therefore reasonably anticipate, another wasted session. We cannot omit saying with a cotemporary, that we sincerely hope that something more worthy of the representatives of the people of this State, will be transacted at the present session, than was enacted at the last.

The London Standard of Saturday, March 30, says, "We hear that the American Minister here has despatched proposals of such a nature to the American government from our ministers, that he expects the terms for the pacification of Maine will be accepted." These despatches may have come out by our last arrival with dates to the 28th—but have certainly made little noise yet. Perhaps they come by one of these arrivals.

An English paper says that at a late centenary meeting of the Wesleyan Methodists, at Dublin, Mr. Richards, of Wexford, announced his subscription of twenty-five guineas, part of which he said was intended for his youngest daughter, yet unnamed, but whom he meant to call *Centellana Wesleyana.*

CARRYING AWAY SLAVES.

The New Orleans Louisianian, of April 29th, states that that city has been invested with a set of fellows who are engaged in inveigling and carrying away slaves to Texas. A valuable slave having disappeared, attention was directed to detecting the one who made off with him. A Mr. S. N. Hite was arrested and committed to jail, a missing slave having been found secreted in his house. Hite was, at the time of his arrest, engaged very extensively in the sale of slaves, and enjoyed the confidence of the community to such a degree as to forbid the supposition that he would lend himself to such unlawful means to obtain them.

FROM TEXAS.

New Orleans slips, of a late date, put us in possession of some additional items of intelligence from Texas. A steamboat lately ascended the Trinity river 400 miles, and could have gone higher up. The country on its banks is said to be settling rapidly. The soil is favorable to cotton. Lime, sandstone and coal have been discovered in the upper parts.

A wagoner, named Hooper, suspected of stealing some money at Galveston, was taken into the prairie about a mile from the town and whipped, though he persisted in asserting his innocence to the last. He subsequently identified one of the individuals concerned in the outrage, and had him fined $100 and bound over in $2000 to answer at court.

By the Houston papers, we learn that seven hundred men were in the regular army of Texas, and others enlisting daily. On the first instant, a party of Indians made an invasion near Franklin, and drove off eighty head of cattle and several horses. A letter writer from Robertson county says, trails of Indians are seen daily, and neither man, nor woman, nor child, nor cattle or other stock, are safe one hour unless protected by the militia.

The new capital of Texas is to embrace 7735 acres of ground, and extend three miles in front of the Colorado river. The site occupies and will effectually close the pass by which Indians and outlawed Mexicans have for ages past travelled east and west to and from the Rio Grande to eastern Texas.

The Grenada Bowie Knife of the 23d ult. says: "The Directory of the Grenada Savings Institution, met last Saturday, and made a bonfire of their issues to the amount of five or six hundred dollars. A week before seven or eight hundred dollars of their notes were burnt at the stake. We understand there are between eight and ten thousand dollars of this money still in circulation. The Directory are calling it in as rapidly as possible. They redeem with good funds at par, when they have any, or Brandon money, allowing 25 per cent. difference."

CANADA.

Governor Arthur, of Upper Canada, has caused a circular to be addressed to the collectors of Cleveland and Oswego, apologising for the outrage committed upon the schooner Stephen Girard, of Oswego, bound to Cleveland, at Port Colbourne, on the Welland Canal, by a party of drunken militiamen. The Montreal Courier, of Friday, says, "The eight Americans, T. J. Sutherland, T. R. Culver, B. F. Pew, A. W. Partridge, H. L. Hull, Squire Thayer, Nathan Smith and Chauncey Parker, captured after the battle of Point au Pele, and confined since June, 1838, in the citadel, Quebec, were sent off yesterday morning to Upper Canada, escorted by a guard of the Royals."

A REVOLUTIONARY HERO GONE.

Jonathan Mason, a soldier of the Revolution, died recently at Tamworth, (N. H.) in the 74th year of his age. It is related of him that he was taken prisoner by the British, and on being brought before Burgoyne, that General said to him, "Well, my lad, what do you think of yourself now?" His reply was, "I think you will all be prisoners within two weeks." The General then exclaimed, with an oath, "All the Yankees in America cannot make a prisoner of me!" In three weeks from that day, he and his army were prisoners.

LITERARY.

"*The American Journal of the Medical Sciences*" for May, from the press of Lea & Blanchard, is before us. It contains many interesting cases; an interesting memoir, on the Life and Character of Dr. Physick, by J. Randolph, M. D.; a review of Billings's first principles of Medicine, and a summary of the improvements and discoveries in the Medical Sciences.

"*Births, Deaths and Marriages,*" by the author of Sayings and Doings, in two vols. Lea & Blanchard. This is one of the best of Hook's novels, which we know is saying much. It is "a well told tale," and contains much of life and human nature; the characters are admirably sustained. The cautious selfishness of Mr. Joseph Bailey, is finely contrasted with the gay, and somewhat credulous heart of his brother Jack. The reading of the first chapter may teach some young lady not to reject one lover, until she is sure of the other, and many other useful hints scattered up and down the pages of the work may be had for the perusal.

"*Advice to a Young Gentleman on entering Society,*" by the author of "The Laws of Etiquette," Lea & Blanchard. This neat little volume contains many judicious hints upon manners, which might afford profitable matter for study to many. Amid many things familiar, there is much that is new, and the whole is written in a vein so pleasing, that an hour may be easily beguiled over its pages.

"*The American Museum of Literature and the Arts.*" John Bardsley, agent, No. 141 Chesnut street. It contains some quite choice articles in both poetry and prose—of the former we would notice the "Boat Song," by Arthur Lee.

Atlas Classica.—Mr. H. S. Tanner, has just issued the 11th and 12th Nos. of the Classical Atlas, being the completion of that elegant and valuable collection of maps of the countries mentioned by the ancient authors, both sacred and profane. It is intended to be a companion to the Universal Atlas, one of the most beautiful works of the present age. The Chronological Charts, wherein the Genealogical descent and order of time are correctly adhered to, and exhibit the families of the Patriarchs, Kings, Prophets, Bishops, &c. are valuable to the Student and Antiquarian. Mr. Tanner merits the favor of that portion of the public who delight in maps and correct information.

THE STEAMBOAT WILLIAM GLASGOW.

The St. Louis Commercial Bulletin, in noticing the disaster that happened to this boat, which was burned on the Mississippi, on her way to St. Louis, says that a number of emigrants were on board, destined for Illinois and Mississippi, many of whom had considerable sums of money in specie, most of which was lost. One person lost, in specie, $3500, and the whole amount lost is conjectured to be not less than $15,000. Many of the passengers have arrived at St. Louis in a very destitute condition, having lost all their clothing and other property. The Glasgow had on board two hogsheads of gunpowder, which fortunately did not explode until the persons on board had made their escape.

The confusion and trepidation of the passengers no doubt in this case as in all similar ones occasioned a needless abandonment of property. A German, named Henry Brink, in the desperation of the moment, leaped into the water and perished; leaving a widow and two children.

Another boat, destroyed from the same cause, was the Pennsylvania, which was discovered to be on fire at Paducah, and burnt at the river bank, the night before the accident, which happened to the Glasgow. She was bound up the Cumberland. We have learnt no other particulars.

The Wheeling Gazette, of May 3, says:—The steamer Athenian struck a rock or snag, on her upward passage a day or two ago, about four miles below Gallipolis and sunk. The passengers were taken off by the Virginia. We have no particulars in regard to the condition of the boat, freight, &c.

GERMANTOWN.

An application was made on Monday, to the Court of Oyer and Terminer, on the part of Germantown, for authority to become a borough, for the purpose of establishing police regulations in that place.

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS LOST!

As the steamboat Charter Oak, from Hartford, neared the city yesterday morning, a tarnal Yankee, who got on board at New Haven, (where the Hartford boats regularly put in,) discovered that his pocket-book, which contained $10,000, was missing; and also his coat. The Captain was immediately notified of the circumstance, and on the boat arriving off the landing place, sent a messenger ashore and procured the attendance of officer Sparks. The passengers were numerous, and to examine them all in detail, from garret to cellar, was no trifling matter. However, the sum was too large to be abandoned without an effort, and accordingly the work was commenced. We shall not undertake to describe all the developments of the occasion; suffice it to say, whatever else was found, the pocket-book was not. The examination had not proceeded far, when some one suggested that perhaps it would be best now to examine the loser. He, however, declared that he was a good honest man, and should never have made all that fuss if the facts had not been as he stated them. "Where did you put your coat, when you went to bed?" asked the inquisitor.—"In my berth," replied Jonathan. "Are you sure of it." "Yes." "What was the number of your berth?" "124." "Well, I slept directly over you. Didn't you say, when you went to bed, something about your berth being too low, and your wishing to change it?" "Yes." "Did you in fact change it?" "No, I did not: I am pretty sure I did not: I guess I did not." "Well, suppose you look?" So Mr. Sparks and the loser of the pocket-book went to berth 124, and behold! there lay the coat, and in it the pocket-book, and in the pocket book the money, just as it should be! It turned out that after taking berth 124, and putting his coat there, the $10,000 man laid *himself* in the next tier; and on awaking in the morning, and finding his coat was not with him, he at once concluded that he had been robbed.—*N. Y. Jour. of Com.*

MARKET MATTERS.

Under this head, and it is one of general interest during the present period of exorbitant prices, the Cincinnati Gazette of Thursday, has the following remarks:—

"We have all of a sudden a kind of break out, on market prices. They have unexpectedly swelled up, to the surprise of consumers, in the towns and cities. The advance of fresh beef, and its scarcity, were both unexpected. Strange this increase of price never occurred to us, when the humbug of Durham cattle got under way. Who could expect to eat fresh beef, at the rates put upon these cattle? The wealthy and enterprising cattle growers invested too much capital in them, and bestowed upon them too large a share of choice food. About time enough has transpired to produce a perceptible consequence, and we feel it in the price. Aye, and in veal and mutton. Consumers have increased out of proportion with producers, and high prices must be the result, until the cultivator's profits attract more laborers to agriculture."

DYING THE DEATH FOR A HAM.

On the 22d of April, a citizen of Louisville, named Samuel Arbegust, surrendered himself to the authorities of that city, having killed a man named John Harrison, by shooting him.—Harrison was caught about daybreak, stealing a ham out of Arbegust's smoke-house. Alarmed by his servant, Arbegust got up and took a double barrelled gun, and went down to the yard, where he saw Harrison, to whom he called out to stop, and Harrison did so. He then ordered Harrison to advance to the kitchen door and bring the ham, which he did. Arbegust then made a step or two to call his brother to his assistance. Before Arbegust's brother could arrive, Harrison started to run away, and Arbegust moved into the yard, calling to him to stop or he would shoot him, and saying he would not fire if he stopped; but Harrison went on and then Arbegust fired one barrel of the gun, but that did not stop him. He then fired the other barrel and Harrison got behind a stable or outhouse and fell. He was shot in the back, about the region of the kidneys, with a large shot, which had been put into the gun for shooting dogs. Harrison, when the party from the house came up, exclaimed: "I am a dead man," and died within half an hour. Arbegust was fully committed on a charge of wilful murder, without privilege of bail.

Absurdity.—You make a very foolish match, and gravely ask a judicious friend his opinion of your choice.

FOREIGN.

Ten Days Later from Europe!

By the packet ship South America, from Liverpool, which arrived at New York on Sunday afternoon last, at 4 P. M. we have news up to the 8th of April, the day on which she sailed.

The South America exchanged signals with the Orpheus hence, on the 9th ult. off Waterford. The Caledonia, from New Orleans, was going into Liverpool 8th, the Shakspeare arrived out on the 7th.

No Philadelphia arrivals at Liverpool from the 1st to the 8th—the United States, Barr, sailed for Philadelphia on the 8th.

The South America has fourteen cabin passengers (no Philadelphians) and ninety-six steerage.

Parliament was not in session, having adjourned for the Easter holidays.

In mercantile affairs every thing has a very dull aspect. The political and financial difficulties which still prevailed in France and Belgium, operated to a considerable degree on the markets.

The speculative demand for cotton had ceased to some extent both in Liverpool and London, the dealers feeling secure that there would be no rupture between the two countries on account of the Boundary question.

Lord Brougham, having been laid on the shelf, has gone to Paris.

The affair of the Queen and Lady Flora Hastings continued to cause much excitement, and is likely to detract much from the popularity of her Majesty.

Louis Philippe has succeeded in forming a Ministry, which it is not thought will be permanent. Soult is at its head, and he has his son in one of the departments.

The English revenue for the past year, ending 5th April, exceeded that of the former year, by 2,138,806l.

The English Ministers say that no new survey of the Disputed Boundary line can be thought of till the point has been decided, whether the rivers running into the land-locked Bay of Fundy, can be considered as emptying into the Atlantic. They maintain that the Bay is no part of the Atlantic, and until it is decided, no survey of Commissioners can lead to any useful result.

THE NORTH EASTERN BOUNDARY QUESTION.

The only article of moment we find in relation to the North Eastern Boundary Question, is in the Liverpool Courier of the latest date.—The editor of that print closes his leader with the following remarks. Some of the arguments and reasonings are absurd:

"After all, both governments will doubtless look well before they leap. The inclination, as well as the interest, of England, is opposed to a war. America would suffer by it still more than England; and the fact, officially communicated to the authorities in Downing street, that the American government had it under consideration to send over a plenipotentiary specially on this errand,—unless we are to suppose it a mere sham, to gain time,—is an earnest of her pacific desires. In the state of Maine the war tone may very possibly predominate. But the greater portion of the perpetrators of the recent outrages, there is every reason to believe, were mere banditti, who, having been foiled in their attempts on Canada, and soundly thrashed, lent their services to the sympathising state of Maine, in prosecution of its nefarious and long-cherished designs upon the British interests. We feel convinced that no real American has any feeling in common with these branded rebels and mercenary brigands, who, destitute of any honest means of livelihood, prowl about the country, ready for any service, however bad, for the sake of the job. How far the attack may have been invited by the miserably unprotected condition of New Brunswick, the governor, according to Sir H. Hardinge, not having had at his command more than 350 effective bayonets, we are not prepared to say; but it will readily be believed that such a circumstance was not without its influence.

The difference, or rather the opposition of interest and feeling between the southern and the northern states must likewise weigh against the chances of war. The interests of the southern states are diametrically opposed to a rupture with Great Britain, which would put a stop at once to the chief part of their immense cotton trade. In another respect, too, a wide disparity prevails: the southern are slave-holding states, the northern are the propagandists of liberty. So strongly is the distinctness of interests felt, that merchants in Charleston have been heard to say, that sooner than join the northern states in a war, they would come again under the English flag. A war, therefore, would be undertaken at the imminent risk of a dissolution of the federal union, more especially in a case where it may fairly be pleaded by the dissentients, that the national honor of America does not require them to take up arms at the bidding of Governor Fairfield, or to identify the American nation with a set of absconded traitors and plundering Swiss.

The negligence of the two governments, in not having brought the question sooner to a close, is universally blamed as the remote cause of the present difficulties. It is the opinion of persons very competent to form an opinion, that the importance formerly attached to the disputed territory is now done away with, as the establishment of steamboats already contracted for to run between this port and Halifax, open the natural and ready-made, although almost overlooked, route to Canada via Miramichi."

The London Morning Chronicle states that despatches in relation to the Boundary Question would be forwarded to the British Minister at Washington by the next packet, and that these would propose the terms upon which a commission might be appointed to survey the disputed territory. From an editorial article in the same paper of the following day, we perceive that the British Government will probably hereafter, take a new ground, which is, that before any investigation, a preliminary arrangement shall be entered on as to the point of departure for the line to be run due north, which by the Treaty of 1783, it was agreed should be the source of the *river St. Croix*. Hitherto it is asserted, the head waters of the Chepustaticook have been assumed to be the true source, whereas it really is at the source of the western branch of that river, and that the interval between the two points is no less than fifty statute miles.—An evening ministerial paper of the same day, expresses, however, the following significant opinion:

"The most equitable mode of bringing this embarrassing question to a termination equally honorable and advantageous to both countries, would be to abandon all attempts at defining the boundary meant by the treaty of 1783, and to take up the question *de novo*. To look at the position of the frontiers of the two countries—consider what is necessary to maintain peace between both, by removing out of the way, and as far off as possible, any cause of future collision. In order to effect this, *an interchange of territory*, or *the payment of a sum*, to be fixed as the value of the tract, the possession of which is essential to the British Government, should be paid to America, if it appear that her claim to it can be supported by equitable proof."

The Times (opposition) describes this as a feeler, and concludes a long article on the subject by observing, "we are not so certain as Lord Palmerston, that buying off an enemy one week, is the way to be at peace with him the next." From all which we conclude, that the new ground taken as to the source of the St. Croix, will be merely a cover to the real object of the British Government, which is to obtain a boundary which will give her a communication between New Brunswick and Lower Canada at a pecuniary sacrifice.

The following proceedings of a Chartist meeting, will serve to show that there are combustible materials on the other side of the water, as well as on this.

THE CHARTISTS.

The large room at the Crown and Anchor was filled, on Saturday, by an assembly of Chartists; Mr. Frost, of Monmouth, in the chair, Mr. Sankey, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Feargus O'Connor, Dr. Taylor, Mr. O'Brien, and Mr. Harney, were the speakers. Some violent language was used. Mr. Sankey, delegate from Edinburgh, said—

The Convention was desirous that the National Petition should be signed as numerously as possible: not that they expected that the numbers of the signatures would insure its success, for if it had millions it would be rejected, but that those who dared to reject the petition of millions of the people should see that it was a matter of grave importance, and that those who should present such a petition should be enabled to say—"There are the signatures of millions of fighting men, of men who understand their constitutional rights, and who will not allow any aristocracy, oligarchy, landlords, cotton-lords, money-lords, or any lords, to tyrannise over them longer, and are now ready, with voices and hands, to set themselves free." (The most vehement acclamations, waving of hats, handkerchiefs, &c. followed this declaration for several minutes.)

Mr. Rogers complained that many of those who were crying out against the delay in the presentation of the petition, had not signed it themselves; but if their patriotism was so great, that they would not sign in black ink, let them sign in red ink. ("Bravo, bravo!") That will be significant enough.

Mr. Feargus O'Connor—Backed, as the Convention would be, by the men of Birmingham, Glasgow, Carlisle, and other towns, they would present such a phalanx as would compel those who would refuse the Charter to their petitions, to grant it to something else. (Loud cheers.) The people should recollect, that a million of petitions would not dislodge a single troop of dragoons; and they ought to act on that recollection. And if those in power should be determined to oppose their claims by violence, they could resist force by force; and then farewell to—(the concluding words were lost in the plaudits which followed.)

Dr. Taylor—The men of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Northumberland, were not to be trifled with; and if it should come to a struggle, it would not be the hand of the dandy that would best use the sword, but the black hands of colliers who were accustomed to the pick. (Cheers and laughter.) When all moral means for obtaining the people's rights should fail, he would claim the post of danger, and be the first to sound the tocsin. ("Bravo, bravo!")

Mr. O'Brien—There were twelve hundred thousand signatures already affixed to the petition. But he knew that the House of Commons would reject it whatever would be the number of signatures, unless there was a similar number of pikes at a short distance behind them. (Laughter and cheers.) As the Convention anticipated the rejection of their demands, so were they determined to proceed to ulterior measures. As the House of Commons was elected by only seven hundred thousand out of twenty-five millions, he did not consider that it existed by the consent of the nation. If he should see the petition signed by millions, he would consider that he had a right to try any measures, from marbles to manslaughter, for carrying out that petition. (Vehement applause.)

Mr. Harney said, that there should be no more petitions except those "signed with steel pens"—the people "should have before the close of the year, universal suffrage or death."

The above are only specimens of the menaces at this meeting. Much more language of the same description is reported in the daily papers as having been received with vehement applause.

THE CHARTISTS AND STATE OF THE COUNTRY.

The Chartists' Convention is still in session: but London and every part of the kingdom are quiet. We copy the only paragraph we find in all our papers relating to the subject:

"Government have long been aware that some hundreds of persons at Towbridge are armed with pikes, and that they occasionally exercise at the barracks there; but no means are taken to put a stop to it. It is true that a troop or two of horse are at our service in the neighborhood, in case of a tumult; but it is much better that measures should be taken to prevent tumult, than to quiet it after it has been allowed to break out. The Lancers, quartered in this town, were ready at a moment's warning on Friday last, had their services been required. On Saturday, Carrier and his companions were at Bromham, and exhorted the laborers (chiefly manufacturers) to muster 1000 strong on Easter Monday, in order (as he said) to make another attack on Devizes; they were also called upon to provide themselves with good sticks; and a handbill has since been issued, stating that, "in defiance of the Tory persecutors," Mr. H. Vincent, Mr. W. P. Roberts, and other friends, will hold a meeting in the market place on Easter Monday, at two o'clock.—*Devizes Gazette.*

FRANCE AND THE NEW MINISTRY.

Louis Philippe has at length ushered a new batch of Ministers into the political world.

The following is the personnel of this new Administration, which, on its appearance, was immediately saluted by the Paris wits with the endearing *sobriquet* of the *April fool Ministry*:

M. Gasparin, Peer of France, Minister Secretary of State for the Interior.

M. Girod (de l'Ain,) Peer of France, Keeper of the Seals, Minister of Justice and Ecclesiastical Affairs.

The Duke de Montebello, Peer of France, Minister for Foreign Affairs.

Lieutenant General Despans Cubieres, Minister of War.

Baron Tupinier (a Deputy,) Minister of Marine and of the Colonies.

M. Parant (a Deputy,) Minister of Public Instruction.

M. Gautier, Peer of France, Minister of France.

M. Gasparin (a former Minister of the Interior,) Minister *ad interim* of Public Works, Commerce and Agriculture.

It was at one time contemplated by the King to open the session without any ministry at all; but simply to have appointed four Royal Commissioners, to face the Chambers in the King's name. The gentlemen selected for so dangerous an office were—General Jacqueminot, M. Girod (de l'Ain) and M. d'Audiffret. The ordonnances making these appointments are said to have been even drawn up and signed, but were prudently retracted late on Sunday evening. These Royal Commissioners were to have divided the several portfolios between them.

The session of the French Chambers was opened on Thursday, the 4th of April, by commission.

An immense crowd of angry people beset the Chambers, and the unusual number of military and police showed fear of disturbance, but none took place.

From *Spain* we have no positive intelligence of importance. The ministers are still at loggerheads, and a dissolution of the cabinet is hourly expected. Government has received no official news from the army, though Cabrera is said to have been defeated by the Queen's troops. Gen. Van Halen sends no despatches. His silence reminds us fearfully that in 1825, he capitulated to the French without firing a shot. Baron de Meer has been ordered to place his command in the hands of his successor, and to send his second in command to Madrid. Catalonia is in a state of great fermentation.

Strong suspicions are afloat of a private understanding between Maroto and Espartero, the commanders of the opposing armies. Every eye is fixed upon their movements. A number of persons, chiefly among the Carlist exiles, persist in saying that these marches and countermarches have all been previously arranged between the two Generals.

Russia and Circassia.—St. Petersburgh, March 12.—According to our last accounts from Triflis, the war with the Circassians is far from being at an end. The emissaries sent by General Golowine into Abasia, to ascertain the intentions of the chiefs of the tribes, have been told by them that the sky should give way and the earth fall to pieces before the Circassians consented to become the friends of the Muscovites. The Abasian Princes have deputed Plenipotentiary Ministers to Constantinople, to propose to the Sultan to recognise his authority, and offer to pay him a yearly tribute, to furnish a contingent of cavalry, and maintain a Turkish Governor in Abasia at their own expense, on condition of his defending them against the Russians.

On the other hand, those Princes would not allow Mr. Bell to leave the country, as they consider him the representative of England. They lately declared to him that if Great Britain would assist them in an efficacious manner and supply them with arms, warlike stores and officers, they would not only oppose any attempt of Russia against British India, but would excite a revolt in Georgia and in the country of the Cossacks.

This intelligence so exasperated the Emperor Nicholas, that he ordered General Golowine to wage exterminating war against the Circassians, and lay waste the entire country.

Thirteen Days Later from England.

The British Steam Packet Ship Liverpool Lieutenant Fayrer, R. N. arrived on Tuesday evening at New York from Liverpool, in a passage of seventeen days, having left that port on her regular day of sailing, the 20th ult.

The Liverpool did not come up, but waited at Quarantine, having some cases of small pox on board. She has upward of ninety passengers, and a very considerable amount of freight. The news is of very little political importance or interest.

The New York Gazette says—"We have rarely found our European files more barren.—The British Parliament re-assembled on the 8th of April, and appeared to be in a great measure occupied with the affairs of the West Indies.—We scarcely see any allusion to the subject of our own affairs, and there is very little said on the subject by the British journals. The money market exhibits a manifest improvement. The cotton market was, on the whole, better than at the last advices."

The sale of American Securities is gradually reviving.

THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

On the 15th, Lord John Russell brought forward his promised motion to take the sense of the House of Commons on the conduct of Ministers in administering the Government of Ireland, which he considered impeached by the resolution of the House of Lords to appoint a committee to investigate the administration of justice in Ireland. The New York Courier and Enquirer says: "The debate still continued on the 19th—our last date—an unusual long time for a debate on a single question in the House of Commons. There can be little doubt that the final vote will be favorable to Ministers, the radical members having declared their intention to support them—protesting, however, against such vote being considered an approval of their general course of policy."

A bill had been brought in, after some debate, to deprive Jamaica of its Legislative Chamber, and to govern the island by Councillors appointed by the Crown, on account of the refractory conduct of the planters, in connection with the emancipation system.

GREAT BRITAIN, RUSSIA, INDIA, FRANCE AND MEXICO.

A correspondence has been laid before parliament, between the British and Russian Cabinets, in which the latter disavows in the most distinct language, all hostile intentions toward the British possessions in India. The detention of a British government vessel by the squadron of Admiral Baudin, before Vera Cruz, has also produced a correspondence between the cabinets of St. James and the Tuilleries, which shows, in a forcible manner, the amicable feelings reciprocally entertained by the two governments.

The accounts received in England from India, are considered highly favorable. The native princes are making their peace with the victors, as they advance, and there is little doubt that the war will terminate as all English wars in India have terminated in modern times, by increasing the power and territory of the company.

Shipwrecks and Marine Disasters—the Westchester.—The Westchester, which arrived here on Wednesday, from New York, experienced very severe weather during the early part of the voyage. She was so crippled by her injuries that Captain Ferris, an experienced and gallant seaman, was apprehensive at one time that she would never reach her destination. She left New York on the 14th of March. On the 24th, during a heavy gale, when off the Banks of Newfoundland, she struck an iceberg with such force, that her figure-head, cutwater and bowsprit were instantly carried away. In this concussion three men were killed, and a fourth deeply injured. The shattered vessel was found to be making water rapidly, and the pumps were put in immediate requisition, which were kept working day and night until her arrival. This service was mainly performed by the steerage passengers, of which the Westchester had upward of thirty. After the first disaster, she encountered terrific masses of ice, through which she ploughed in her disabled state. For upward of four miles the ice was level with her bulwarks. A gale of four days continuance succeeded, and being apprehensive of foundering, the captain, to increase her buoyancy, threw a valuable portion of his cargo (500 chests of tea and 200 bales of cotton) overboard. Had the vessel been under the guidance of a man of less nerve than Captain Ferris, it is questionable whether the good ship Westchester would have ever reached the banks of the Mersey.—*Liverpool Adv.*

Brig Retrench, of Greenock.—On Thursday afternoon, the brig Retrench, bound for New York, with 75 passengers, sailed from Greenock, the wind blowing fresh from the east, which was a fair wind for the vessel. On Friday morning, the deep sea steamers brought the news to Greenock, that the Retrench was run ashore on the rocks adjoining the Cumbrae lighthouse; and it blowing a gale at the time, fears were entertained that the vessel would be dashed to pieces, and all on board perish. The Gulliver tug steamer was immediately ordered off to the assistance of the unfortunate vessel, with a party of men, headed by Capt. Kennedy, harbor master, Greenock. On the arrival of the steamer at the wreck, it was blowing a perfect gale from the south-west, and it was with considerable difficulty that the Gulliver could reach the Retrench. But at last this was effected, and it was found that a buoy, with a rope fastened to it, had been thrown from the Retrench, and had drifted ashore, and the islanders made it fast, by which means communication was opened with the island, and a number of female passengers were floated ashore on an empty chest. The passengers were all safely landed by the Gulliver, at Greenock, on Friday night; but they will lose all their luggage, provisions, &c. as the vessel, in all probability, will be a total wreck.—*Glasgow Chronicle.*

A London correspondent, at Calais, informs that the Eagle, Capt. Dersk, bound from Bremen to Baltimore, with 136 passengers, and a cargo of merchandise, was driven on shore two leagues east of Calais. The passengers, captain and crew all got safe to land; and hopes are entertained that if the weather be favorable, the ship may be got off.

SPAIN.

The Madrid dates are of the 10th ult. They bring no news of interest. Reports reached Bayonne of an engagement between Cabrera and Van Halen on the 9th, near Segura, but the particulars were not known. Espartero had entered the province of Santander, followed by Maroto at the head of twelve battalions. It is rather curious that the Christinos and Carlists suspect their respective Generals. The ruin of Cabrera is all that is wanted to leave Maroto master of the fate of Spain.

TURKEY.

Letters from Constantinople, dated the 27th ult. state that the Sultan, in answer to a joint note, presented to him by the English, French and Russian Ambassadors, on the subject of the warlike preparations proceeding in the capital, assured them of his pacific intentions, but was still continuing his armaments. The fleet, composed of 27 sail, was to be ready for sea in the course of ten days.

The London papers are full in their accounts of the marriage of the Duke of Wellington's eldest son, the Marquis of Douro, to the Lady Elizabeth Hay, daughter of the Marquis of Tweedale.

A Wedding Cake.—The cake made in commemoration of the marriage of the Marquis of Douro, eldest son of the Duke of Wellington, with Lady E. Hay, is the largest known for some years past, it weighing upward of 100 lbs. and decorated with the armorial bearings of the noble families of Wellesley and Hay.

Paganini.—The physicians despair of being able to prolong the days of this most eminent artist, who appears to have lived for some time past by positive enchantment. It is said that Paganini will leave a fortune of ten millions of francs (400,000l.) which, according to his last intention, will be divided among his musical colleagues, both in France and Italy, whose number is rated at between 700 and 800.

France Musicale.

Office of the Bulletin,
New Orleans, April 27.

TREATY BETWEEN FRANCE AND MEXICO.

By the Roger, Williams, from Havana, whence she sailed on the 16th inst. we received the gazettes of that city as late as due. From the Mexican papers, they extract detailed accounts of the installation of Santa Anna in the presidential chair, and of the raising of half a million of dollars from the clergy, to enable Bustamente to carry on the war with vigor against the Federalists. We extract the following items regarding the treaty with France.

"We shall allude to the notable differences which exist in this treaty, compared with the *ultimatum* and project presented by M. Baudin, at the conference at Jalapa—differences very advantageous to Mexico, and which radically alter the state of the question, and render it admissable, without impugning the independence and national decorum. 1st. The payment of the $600,000 in no way acknowledges the justice of all the reclamations, or the principle of the indemnities. 2d. On the part of France, the removal of any of the Mexican authorities is not insisted on. 3d. The question of trading by retail is desisted from. 4th. They do not approve of the preliminaries of the treaty of 1827. 5th. They are not to designate before hand, or afterward make obligatory, the basis of the new treaties. 6th. They are not to dictate to Mexico the way in which this ought to be done. 7th. They admit the arbitration of a friendly power in points of a doubtful character; which previously was constantly denied by France."

FROM MATAMORAS.

A traveller arrived at Houston, brings late information from Matamoras as to the movements of the Federalists. Their forces before the city were daily expecting the arrival of General Demus from Monterey, with a large body of fresh troops. It was supposed that immediately after their arrival an attack would be made on the city. The Federal soldiers were in excellent spirits, and highly elated with the prospects of success. The news from the interior was of the most cheering kind. The cause of the Federalists was gaining ground rapidly in all the northern provinces.

FROM ST. AUGUSTINE.

By the schooner Stephen and Francis, arrived here this forenoon, we have received the St. Augustine Herald of the 25th ult. from which we copy the following:

Indian News.—Captain Kenyon, of the schooner Elizabeth, seven days from Key Biscayne, has politely furnished us with the following:

A day or two previous to his sailing from Fort Dallas, a party of about twenty soldiers were sent out, under the command of a sergeant, to cut steamboat wood. After the sentinels were posted and the men commenced their work, one of them, to alarm his companions, gave a mimic Indian yell at the top of his voice, when suddenly rose up in full view, almost within gunshot, a body of about fifty Indians.—The sergeant promptly formed his men and commenced a pursuit, joined by Lieut. Ruggles, who, on hearing the alarm, left orders for the remainder of his company to follow. The Indians moved off leisurely, preserving their distance, running when the soldiers ran and walking when they walked. Finding pursuit unavailing, the detachment returned.

It is supposed the Indians contemplated surrounding the working party by surprise, when the accidental whoop of the soldier caused them to be discovered.

There is no later news from the high contracting parties, Major Gen. Macomb and Sam Jones; but as there is strong presumptive evidence that the Indians generally are out of ammunition, Sam will probably not exact too hard conditions.—*Bal't. Post.*

Deputation to Palestine.—The General Assembly of Scotland, at a recent meeting, determined to send immediately to Palestine a deputation to learn the state of the Jewish people in that country; and, if the opening be favorable, measures will be taken to send a mission to them. The deputation consists of the Rev. Dr. Black, professor of theology, Aberdeen; Rev. Mr. McCheyne, of Dundee; Rev. Mr. Bonar, of Collace, and Robert Wodrow, Esq. of Glasgow.

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

PHILADELPHIA.

The Court of Enquiry upon Com. Elliott, was organised on Monday last, and is now sitting every day at the Navy Yard. It consists of Commodores Stewart, Biddle, and Patterson; John M. Read is Judge Advocate, and Josiah Randall, acts as counsel for Commodore Elliott. The Enquiry, it is supposed, will occupy two or three weeks.

We understand that on Saturday morning John W. Wallace and Henry J. Sergeant, Esq's were appointed by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, the standing examiners of witnesses in the said Court.

The County Board met on Friday last, and fixed the rate of the county tax for the year 1839 at sixty-five cents, on the hundred dollars. The Board has authorised the County Commissioners to borrow 80,000 dollars at six per cent. to meet present liabilities, and to issue scrip to the amount of 75,000 dollars at five per cent. to liquidate road damages absolutely confirmed by the Court.

Accident.—On Sunday last, as an omnibus containing a number of passengers, was crossing the bridge at Gray's Ferry, the leading horses, when the vehicle was near the centre of the structure, became frightened, ran against the railing of the bridge, broke it, and were precipitated into the Schuylkill. Their struggles came near drowning the other horses, who were only saved by disengaging them from the gears which connected them with the leaders. We understand that none of the horses were injured, those in the river being saved by swimming them on shore, by some individual present.

The petition to the Legislature for chartering the new institution for the encouragement and reward of female labor, is now at the Reading Room of the Exchange for signatures, where, it is hoped, that all who are in favor of so commendable an object will call and record their names.

A man was found on shore near the Point House on Saturday last, who, from appearances, had been drowned a length of time. There was nothing on or about his person that would lead to the discovery of his name or residence.

The house and lot at the lower corner of Willing's alley and Third street, now occupied as a boarding house, &c. by Mrs. Hay, has been purchased by some capitalists of this city, for $70,000. The house will be torn down immediately, and a splendid hotel, under the direction of Mr. Strickland, the architect, will be erected to occupy the whole premises.

The sloop Samuel Martin, Martin, of Washington, N. J. on her passage to Schuylkill, was capsized on Sunday off Gloucester Point—she was perfectly light—had 20 or more persons on board—was carrying whole sail at the time, wind fresh from N. W. The steam ferry boat Robert Wharton promptly went to their aid—the passengers and crew were all safely taken off the wreck.

We learn that the old Alms House (Friends), in Walnut above Third, is offered on a lease of ninety-nine years; and we may, therefore, soon expect the removal of this relic of olden time.

NEW YORK.

Mr. Abm. Wilcox, an industrious mechanic, was killed a few days since at Utica, by being crushed between timbers of a frame work erected in constructing a bridge on the canal, and which were knocked down by a boat passing.

The "Bowie knife" of Grenada, Mississippi, in spite of its name, would not cut the gordian knot of Hymen. With permission of the parties, he publishes the names of 100 forlorn Benedicts of all ages, who are candidates for matrimony. We commend them to the widows of Cape Cod, who count 1000.—*N. Y. Star.*

Forgery.—The New York Morning News says, that on Saturday night an importing merchant, hitherto in high standing, was detected at the Custom House in attempting to pass a forged entry for an invoice of goods just arrived. The suspicions of the Collector were aroused, and, on examination, it was found that for some months past he had been in the practice of forging the signature of a Deputy Collector, for the purpose of securing his duties entry free. On learning this, he was taken into custody by the U. S. Marshal, and committed to the city prison for future disposal, according to the "laws of Congress in such cases made and provided."

Amount of New York canal tolls for the first eleven days in April, 1839—$76,747 39—or an increase of $26,639 40 over the tolls for the same period last year.

The canal tolls collected at Buffalo, N. York, for the last six days of navigation, were $3,475 56; same days last year, $1,936 17; increase $1,739 54.

Another Steamboat Blown Up.—The steamboat Highlander, plying between N. York and Newburg, blew up on Thursday evening, and killed two or three persons. She was running with three other boats bound to Albany.

A Cold Bath.—Yesterday, a lady, the wife of one of the officers stationed at Brooklyn navy yard, intended to go on board the ferry boat, just as it was starting from the foot of Fulton street, thinking she could walk one way and look the other at the same time, did not perceive that the boat was already on her outward bound passage for Brooklyn. She stepped forward, into the water, and but for the gallantry of two brave tars, she would have been drowned; they jumped into the water, and rescued her from her perilous situation.—*N. York Sunday Morning News.*

Mutiny.—An outrageous revolt occurred on Friday evening on board the ship John Bolton, Capt. Hutchinson, which had just arrived from Liverpool, and was lying at the foot of Roosevelt street. Some six or eight of the crew (Irishmen) rose upon the Captain and attacked him with great violence, which he was unable to resist successfully, till fire arms were resorted to.—He discharged two pistols among the mutineers, both of which took effect, and they then retired. Yesterday the police officers succeeded in the capture of the ringleader, Gilbert Mahoney, who was secured in prison, but the others made good their escape to the shore, and are yet at large.—*N. Y. Sunday News.*

EASTERN.

Item of the Maine War.—Fort Fairfield, on the Aroostook border, has been ravaged by fire destroying 125 bbls. of pork—300 bbls. of bread, ammunition of war, &c. Loss, $10,000.

Accounts from the East say that the New Brunswick boom on the Aroostook was carried away by the breaking up of the ice. The American boom held.

The troops have at last all been paid off at Bangor, and the barracks sold at auction for [illegible]0, about $800 less than they cost.

Prime Cattle.—Mr. Meander Moody, of this town started a pair of cattle for Brighton last week, which weighed 4375 pounds! They were the most grave and portly old customers we have seen this many a day.—*Northampton Cour.*

Juvenile Industry.—Mr. Barnard's report of the condition of the school at Warren Chapel, Boston, mentions that a lad, fifteen years old, lately joined the school, who had neither father nor mother, nor any relative in the city. He earns $2 25 in a printing office, and pays $2 at a boarding-house, *each week.*

In the Supreme Court at Boston, on Tuesday, Mr. Adams, late cashier of the Fulton Bank, was acquitted by the jury, almost without consultation, at the close of his trial.

Fire.—The paper mill of Mr. Peter C. Jones, in Watertown, Mass. was struck by lightning, and burnt to the ground. It was insured, we believe, for $5000, while the loss will amount to between 7 and $8000.—*Boston Atlas.*

Diabolical Outrage in Hartford.—The Hartford (Con.) Courier states that some villain on Wednesday night, placed a heavy torpedo on the steps in front of the Anti-Slavery Depository in Asylum street and fired it off. The explosion was very heavy, shattering the windows, and forcing the door to the back end of the store, near where two gentlemen were sitting, who fortunately escaped uninjured. The windows in the dwellings on the opposite side of the street were slightly injured—also those in the house adjoining the Repository. An individual named [illegible] has been arrested on suspicion of having committed the act.

A Large Shark.—A shark was taken on board the brig Helen, of this port, on her last passage to Matanzas, which measured 18 feet. His liver contained 10 gallons of pure limpid oil; his jaws when extended, measured 21 inches apart; he had 44 rows of sharp saw teeth—220 in number. The day previous to taking him, a large shark jumped on the gunwale of the boat and seized it, and took one man. After which, a large hook was baited with a large piece of beef, and this monster of the deep was shortly taken.—*Prov. Jour.*

Connecticut.—This State is entirely free from debt, and has, at this time twenty-one thousand dollars unappropriated in the treasury. The profits of the State prison during the last year have been $1050. The school fund amounts to about $2,000,000. There are 29,967 enrolled militia in the state.

The annual average revenue of the State is about eighty thousand dollars, some seven thousand dollars more than expenditures for the past year.

Dr. Charles T. Jackson, of Boston, has been invited by a committee of the Legislature of Rhode Island, to make an agricultural and geological survey of that state. Maine recommends the Doctor warmly to the good people of the Roger Williams State.

WESTERN.

St. Louis, Mo.—The official census of St. Louis has been completed, and the population of the city proper is found to be 16,297. What is remarkable even for the West, the male population of the city is to the female (according to a summary in the Argus,) as nearly two to one or about 55 to 45.

Ohio.—The spirit of internal improvement still predominates in Ohio, as it did from the first impulse given to it by the example of Clinton and the Empire State. We perceive the counties of Wayne, Franklin and Union have promptly come forward and subscribed $250,000 for the East Fork canal, so that the charter, if the instalments are paid, as they doubtless will be, is complied with, and the work will be connected. General Harrison and Mr. Clay are spoken of as guests to witness the breaking of the ground. Richmond and the whole of the beautiful valley of the White Water will derive inappreciable advantages from this work.

Beef.—The Louisville, (Ky.) Reporter says, the Eastern drovers are in that county, buying cattle on foot for the New York market. They can purchase at 6 cents, and sell at a handsome profit.

Michigan.—The Michigan Legislature have adjourned after a session of 15 weeks, in which they passed $350,000 of appropriations for railroads, improving rivers, &c.

It is not known where the money is to come from, as there is only a balance of $500,000 belonging to the State, and that virtually lost by the deranged affairs of the State Bank. Governor Mason has vetoed the bill giving relief to the settlers.

The branches of the State Bank of Michigan have been located by law at Detroit, Pontiac, Mount Clemens, Monroe, Adrian, Ann Arbor, Jackson, Marshall and Niles.

The Michigan Legislature report the State Bank to be in a bad condition—the deficit some $300,000. Liabilities a million debt to the State—probably lost.

The Legislature of Michigan have passed a law prohibiting, under severe penalties, the running of any car or other vehicle on any public road on Sunday, unless in cases of emergency, which must be certified to by some public officer.

Steamer Burned.—The Pennsylvania steamer, on her arrival at Paducah, Kentucky, the 21st ult. was found to be on fire, and soon sunk. She had a valuable cargo, of $50,000 in specie, for the Decatur Bank—about $10,000 of this, in part melted, was recovered; the rest insured. The cargo will be lost.

The Illinois people calculate on an augmentation of no less than 40,000 souls to their population this year. The land sales having been over $50,000 per month for some time. We hope there will be less of epidemic fevers.

A Mr. Westerfield was instantly killed a few days since near Springfield, Ohio, by being thrown from a stage coach, run away with by the horses taking fright.

Steamboats heavy freighted cannot get up to Pittsburgh. There is but four feet water in the channel of the river.

Business Statistics of Chicago.—We present the following table of the business establishment in Chicago, and challenge any place of its age to beat. Chicago has 80 dealers in merchandise, including 2 wholesale dry good stores, 1 bank, 2 broker's offices, 2 flour mills, 1 sash factory, 1 iron foundry, 1 brass foundry, 4 markets, 10 taverns, 5 forwarding houses, 12 tailoring establishments, 8 lumber merchants, 2 printing offices, 3 auction stores. No establishments where liquor is solely or principally retailed, or distilleries are included in the above list. The business of the city has heretofore employed about 20 draymen. The above comprises the principal establishments and kinds of business in the city. Many have probably escaped our notice.—*Chicago American.*

On the 8th ult. a riot took place at Pittsburgh, during which two or three tenements occupied by colored people were pulled down by a mob of white men. On Thursday night the citizens of Columbia, Pa. were disturbed by a fight taking place in the street by some canal boatmen. The origin of the quarrel is not known.

Wives Wanted.—Three bachelors of Sheboygan, Wisconsin Territory, have advertised for wives. Here is their advertisement: "The subscribers take this method of making their wishes known to the single ladies of Wisconsin. The reason for advertising for wives is, because there is a scarcity of single ladies hereabout. We want those who understand all kinds of domestic housewifery; rather tall than short; rather slim than thick set; of good form and features; neat turned ankle and small feet, and not to exceed eighteen years of age. Any wishing to obtain a husband, will please address us through the post office at Sheboygan. Address N. B. who is not over 22 years of age; M. W. who is not over 27 years; A. D. who is not over 24 years."

A Swan measuring nine feet between the tips of the wings, was lately shot on the Illinois shore of the Mississippi. This is said in a Louisville paper to be the first swan that has been seen on the Western waters for a long series of years—They are said to have been formerly seen very frequently.

A Wisconsin paper says—We learn from a "foot passenger," just arrived, that the mail may be expected in the course of next week.

SOUTHERN.

Murder.—A Mr. Booth, at Richmond, Louisiana, met on the 15th ult. a Mr. Rusk, and addressing him with these words, "sir, I understand you have threatened my life," as a horrid commentary on the menace, drew forth a pistol and shot Mr. Rusk through, causing his death soon after.

One Gallon Jugs.—The law of Mississippi has gone into effect, and is popular, except with the publicans, who cannot for love or money find a sufficiency of one gallon jugs, the prescribed measure for sale of liquor.

Another Duel in Prospect.—The Louisville Journal of the 24th ult. says:

Some of the passengers of the steamboat, Edw. Simpson inform us, that, when they passed Vicksburg, on Wednesday last, they saw, Mr. McCardle, the editor of the Vicksburg Whig and Dr. Hagan, the editor of the Vicksburg Sentinel, in the act of crossing the river, for the purpose of settling a personal quarrel in Louisiana.

The revenues for Texas this year will be a million; taxes half a million, and sale of lots in the new capital half a million, leaving over a million surplus above the expenses, which are estimated at a million.

The body of a man supposed to be Louis Cozzine, was found floating in Red River. There were some $1200 found in his pocket.

The Arsenal for the South.—The Secretary of War has determined to complete the Grand Arsenal of construction for the South at Fayetteville, North Carolina, on the plan originally designed. Capt. J. A. J. Bradford has the direction of it.

Villainy at a Premium.—Gordon D. Boyd, Mr. Van Buren's receiver in Mississippi, who took the public money to purchase 20,000 acres of rich lands on his own account, has made over the same to the government, who are to sell the same at long credits and give the surplus to the swindler.

Another Fracas.—Gen. Bossier, Senator, and D. S. Burnett, Esq. ex-Sheriff, of the Natchitoches (La.) District, had a cool pistol encounter in the streets of the town, by way of practical illustration of their high legal functions. After two discharges, the General was badly and the Sheriff slightly wounded.

A new steamship, called the Tomochichi, is to run between New Orleans and the rich plantations of the Attakapas, below.

Accident.—As the Annapolis Mail carrier was coming in this morning, and when opposite Hanover street, he was run foul of by a dray, which broke one of the shafts of the vehicle, and so frightened the horse as to cause him soon to become detached—leaving the mail and carrier in the street. The driver was considerably but not dangerously injured.—*Balt. Patriot.*

The Wheeling (Va.) Times, an able Whig journal, always highly interesting also in what concerns the trade of the West, has come out in an entirely new dress, and as a daily.

We have been credibly informed that we may expect to have the benefit of direct steam communication between this city and Liverpool, as there is at this moment a steam ship on the stocks in that port, and that she will be launched in such time as to make her first voyage here next fall. Should this experiment be found as practicable as anticipated, an English company will be formed for a regular line of steam packets. We cannot but rejoice at the prospect of so desirable an object being carried into effect, though we must at the same time lament the apathy of our merchants, who have been so negligent as to allow foreign capitalists and foreign enterprise to enter the vineyard before us, and reap the rich harvest which was so easily within our reach.—*Louisianian.*

Murder.—Wm. M. Huey was murdered at Monroe, La. on the 4th inst. by one of his negroes, whom he was about to chastise for running away.

Summer Coming.—They had strawberries south for some time, and green Peas have reached Baltimore from Norfolk.

The "Savannah" steamboat is to ply regularly between that city and Charleston.

Extraordinary Vegetables.—Attention was attracted last Saturday to five spears of Asparagus, produced by Mr. Wm. Cammack, on the heights of Georgetown, and exhibited at his vegetable stand in the Centre Market. These extraordinary vegetables were weighed by the market master, and ascertained to amount to one pound and a half! We never knew in the course of our lives, five spears of this delicious esculent to weigh so much as these.—*Baltimore paper.*

Financiering.—The Jackson Mississippian talks hard of the paper money factories of that State. The Legislature has chartered so many that it is impossible to find respectable names for them. One is called the "Owl Creek Bank," which borrows rags on some kindred factory, to enable its bankers to pay five dollars on a hundred of the *capital stock.*

Cold Blooded Murder.—The Natchez Free Trader, of April 17th, gives an account of a deliberate and fiendish murder at Choctaw Bayou, Parish of Concordia, Louisiana, about thirty miles distance above that city, on the Saturday preceding, by a man named T. A. Johnson, on a Mr. Jones. They both lived on adjoining lands, on the Choctaw Bayou. A public road was run by a jury through a part of Johnson's land, who complained of it, and threatened violence to any one who used it, and erected a gate across it.—Jones had occasion to travel the road, and was ordered off by Johnson, who threatened to shoot him. He replied that it was a public road, and without any further altercation, Johnson shot him dead with a rifle, and then escaped. Active search is now being made for him.

The Baltimore City Court has decided adversely to the recent decision of Judge Betts, of New York, in relation to the enlistment of minors in the service of the United States. The Baltimore Judges pronounce the enlistment to be valid and binding.

We learn from the Williamsport Banner, that a grey eagle was shot on the farm of Mr. Isaac Long, about four miles from Williamsport, Md. on Thursday morning last, by a son of Mr. Long, with a common shot gun. He measured seven feet from wing to wing, and weighed seven pounds only.

Vessels at New Orleans.—There were 216 vessels at New Orleans April 25th, exclusive of steamboats. Of this number, 5 were ships, 30 barques and 40 brigs; the rest schooners.

The New Orleans Sun, of the last date, announces that the mosquitoes are coming into the city and the loafers are going from it. Now we think the loafers, as they have been living upon the community, should stay and let the mosquitoes live upon them. It is not fair that the industrious should feast both the loafers and mosquitoes.

Pensacola money is quoted at 20 per cent. discount in New Orleans. In Mobile, they advertise to take it at par. Fine times for money-changers here. What a splendid humbug this world is! Whoever works for a living is a fool. Half his earnings are stolen from him by legerdemain, and sometimes the other half, too. Odds bodikins! but we have a mind to turn scoundrel. Plundering the public is the order of the day.

Secret Gambling Houses.—Mr. Macoin, one of those who were prosecuted for being concerned in a gaming establishment, was tried yesterday before the criminal court, and found guilty. The Judge has not yet passed sentence—the fine fixed is not less than 1000, or more than 5000 dollars.

We understand that the attorney-general is about to commence a prosecution against a gentleman who stands high in the world of politics. *N. O. Louisianian.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Fires in the West Indies.—It has been a fortunate thing for the West Indies that the Mexican affairs have brought so many vessels of war to their ports. In Vera Cruz the presence of Admiral Baudin stayed the late destructive conflagration, and at Havana, on the 19th ult. a fire which burnt down thirteen houses was stopped by the aid of the different men of war in port.

Robbers Apprehended.—We learn from the Cumberland, (Md.) Civilian, that three Germans were apprehended at Bedford, (Pa.) who robbed the store of Mr. Devecmon, near Cumberland, of all its contents.—One of them has made important disclosures, and says that a company has been formed for the purpose of robbing and dividing the spoils, which extends from Baltimore to Wheeling and Pittsburg.

Col. Young, British commander at Prescott, U. C. is investigating the affair of the firing into the steamboat United States, and is determined to punish the offenders.

The loss by fire at Vera Cruz, is estimated at a *million and a half of dollars.*

The decree at Matamoros, admitting certain articles prohibited by the Tariff, has been abrogated by the Mexican Government—to take effect 30 days after its publication in N. Orleans.

A Good Hit.—In speaking of the mischievous practice of legislative boring, one of our cotemporaries remarks "there would be great difficulty in ascertaining the precise effect of champaigne wine and turtle-soup on the *eyes* and *nose* of Senators and Representatives." This may be true, but judging from the *eyes* and *nose* of one at least that might be named, it would not be difficult to ascertain the precise effect that "brandy slings and gin toddys" have.—*Philad. Gazette.*

Fire in the Delaware Pines.—The Delaware (Wilmington) Gazette says that in consequence of an accident that occurred to one of the locomotives on the Rail Road, on Saturday, the 20th ult. about three miles this side of the Susquehanna, fire was communicated to the pine trees, which extended its ravages to the distance of nine miles. The damage is not great, as the fire was in a district of country where the pines are of little value.

Edward Sillyman, a boy at Pottsville, lost his life from a kick in the temple from a horse, with which he was playing.

John Murtagh, who had been confined in the jail at Chambersburg, for the last twelve months under sentence of death, died on Tuesday last. His execution had been delayed in consequence of his laboring under mental derangement, which continued until his death.

General Coal Law.—At a public meeting of a number of coal dealers, the following was adopted:

Resolved, that this meeting consider ALL coal incorporations as injurious to individual operators, and ruinous to the coal business generally.

When the general coal bill was first reported, and its discussion agitated among our coal operators, nearly all were in favor of the adoption, thinking that it would have the effect of equalising the business; but on farther reflection, it has been determined that no *legislation* is required on the coal business of Schuylkill county, as in the present instance the *remedy* might be worse than the *evil.*—*Miners' Journal.*

Medical Convention.—It will be remembered that a Medical Convention was held in Washington city in January, 1830. In obedience to a resolution of that Convention, its President (Lewis Condict, M. D. of Morristown, N. J.) has given notice that a similar convention will be held at the National Hotel, in Washington, on the second Wednesday in January next.—The purpose of this adjourned Convention is that of revising the Pharmacopoeia of the United States.

The Secretary of War has forbidden the sale of ardent spirits to the Indians on the frontier. The editor of the Providence Journal says, "it has been suggested that the sale of the same article to members of Congress might be prohibited without producing any serious evil?"

About 250 crates and 100 sacks of salt have been saved from the wreck of the British ship Europe, and it is expected the balance of the crates will also be got out. The ship is hogged, and getting sanded, and, with the iron on board, will probably be a total loss.

The Acorn.—If an acorn should be suspended by a piece of thread within half an inch of the surface of some water contained in a hyacinth glass, and so permitted to remain without being disturbed, it will, in a few months, burst and throw a root into the water, and shoot upward its straight and tapering stem, with beautiful little green leaves. A young oak tree growing in this way on the mantel shelf of a room is a very elegant and interesting object. I have seen several oak trees, and also a chesnut tree, thus growing; but all of them, however, have died after a few months, probably owing to the water not being changed sufficiently often to afford them the necessary quantity of nourishment for the matter contained in it.—*Gardener's Gazette.*

Foreign Varieties.

The Present Annual Exhibition in the Louvre of paintings by French artists, numbers no less than 1400 tableaux—among them three of the capture of Constantine by that graphic artist Horace Vernet, to gratify the parental vanity of Louis Philippe.

Lord Fortescue, the new Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, arrived in Dublin, April 31, and was received with great enthusiasm.

At Waterford, Ireland, Dennis Crowan found guilty of a conspiracy to murder the late John O'Keefe, Esq. of Mountain Castle paid the forfeit of his life for the offence, at the gallows, in front of the county jail.

The average price of wheat in England having fallen to 72s 6d. the import duty has risen to 2s. 6d. per quarter, at which it will probably remain for a few weeks.

The grand jury of Lancashire, sitting at Liverpool, has returned an indictment against the Rev. Mr. Stephens, the Chartist agitator, for seditious words spoken by him at a torch-light meeting, on the night of November 14—being the third indictment found against him. It was believed that his trial would be removed into the Court of Queen's Bench.

A new vegetable has been introduced in London, which bids fair to outdo the Chinese corn, Morus Multicaulis, Rohan potatoes and cotton seed at fifty cents a kernel. It is a species of clover from Bokhara, which grows to the height of ten or twelve feet, can be cut every month, and multiplies at the rate of 300,000 seed for each grain sown.

It is said that Lord Ward has lost the enormous sum of 200,000*l.* to a noble Earl, well known in the sporting world. Report states that this young nobleman had, from certain suspicions of the play, refused to "settle," and that the Earl and another had threatened him with challenges if he further demurred.

At the Court Leet of the Crown Manor of Presteign, Worcestershire, the niece of the late bellman and crier, proposing to become a candidate for the office, was objected to by the steward because she was a woman; to which she replied,—"God bless you, Sir, that's no reason, haven't we a woman for a King?" The simplicity and readiness of her reply induced the steward to admit her as a candidate, when she was unanimously elected. We are no advocates for petticoat government, but if Queen Victoria's example should be uniformly as much in favor of her sex, we shall deem it not so bad a thing after all; for certain it is, that women are just as well qualified as men, to occupy many stations now in the occupancy of the latter. To pretend that women are fit only to be servants and seamstresses, what is it but to assume that they are deficient in abilities for higher stations? Yet we find, in our own city, that parents will send their daughters to schools kept by men, because, forsooth, their own sex are incapable of instructing them properly; away with such a prejudice!—*Balt. Post.*

An earthquake had occurred in the Highlands of Scotland. No loss either of life or property.

"*Pay the Piper*" is now reversed. Paganini has had to fork out in Paris from his skinny fingers 20,000 francs, for not adhering to some concert stipulations.

The new houses of Parliament are under good progress. Nearly the whole of the foundation of the river wall has been laid, the first stone being considerably below the bed of the river, and the workmen protected by a coffer-dam nearly four hundred yards in length. Soft mud and shells were taken out of the space to be occupied by the wall, and the cavity filled in with concrete.

Dutch Sam, the pugilist, has been sentenced to three months imprisonment, for assaulting a policeman in a public house, to which act he was incited by the rowdy Marquis of Waterford, who of course goes free.

Gold dust to the amount of 4645*l.* was lately stolen from the Dublin Steam Company's wharf, at St. Catharine's, London. Two men, father and son, have been arrested on the charge.

The Frankfort Journal states, on the authority of a letter from Gottingen, that "transportation to America has recently been adopted in the Hanoverian dominions, by which means a number of ill-disposed persons have been *got rid of.*"

Two lions, not Van Amburgh's, have recently died at St. James Theatre, London. Suspicion of foul play being entertained, post mortem examinations were held over them by regular physicians, with much parade, but resulted in verdicts of death from natural causes.

Lord Brougham has published a new work, entitled, "Historical Sketches of Statesmen who flourished in the reign of George the Third." It will be a valuable addition to English history.

The Largest Sunday School in the world is at Stockport, in England. The number of pupils in 1837 was 4244, and of teachers 400. The scholars are taught in a large building, erected for the purpose.

THE GREAT BRITISH CONSERVATIVE.

An able, and as far as we are competent to judge, an accurate portrait of Sir Robert Peel is given in a late number of the Dublin Review. He is described as one of the most perfect debaters that ever sat in Parliament or ever led a party. He thoroughly understands the peculiar prejudices and passions of the audience whom he addresses, and his whole aim seems to be to work upon those passions, not by an appeal to their reason or by aid of their intellect, but by means of their prejudices; he essays not an appearance of argument, except such as accords with the preconceived notions of a vast portion of his hearers; his chief object is not to convince by the force of his argument and the soundness of his deductions, but to find for his followers some plausible reasons for their conduct; and in this he is eminently successful. It is, probably, the consequence of the possession and great cultivation of these inferior qualities that we find the absence of those higher powers in which he is deficient. For enlarged and statesman-like views, in vain may we search his addresses: amid the war of words, with difficulty may we pick out a general principle. He expends his strength in endeavoring to break down or fritter away the outworks of his opponents' positions, and not unfrequently leaves the stronghold untouched, and even unapproached: rarely do we find him establishing or maintaining with common dexterity an independent position. Well read, however, in history, and possessing much acquaintance with classical literature, he applies his knowledge in such a manner as may best suit his purpose for the moment, and he expresses himself chastely, often elegantly.—At the same time, no man can deliver commonplace observations with a more pompous or a more laughable air.

IMMENSE CLAIM OF PROPERTY.

Under this head, says the Alexandria Gazette, we published some days ago, an item stating that suit had been brought by a journeyman printer, named Harponding, now resident in Tennessee, in the United States Circuit Court, against the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church of New York, for an immense property bounded by Broadway, Maiden Lane, Fulton, Nassau and St. John sts. supposed to be worth twenty-five millions of dollars. The Connersville Watchman copies that article with the subjoined remarks:

"About two years ago, in the State of Louisiana, we became acquainted with the Smith Harponding spoken of as having commenced the suit. At that time he called himself Neville, a name he had assumed, some years previous, for what purpose we did not learn. He was as destitute of *sorts* as we ever knew a *jour* printer to be, though no worse off than most of them generally are. He received enough from our humble self, then a journeyman in the Louisiana Journal office, to supply his wants for a few days. While there he frequently spoke of his claims to property of great value in the city of New York, and upon our expressing some doubts of the truth of what he stated, and asking him what evidence of claims he had to show, he handed us a bundle of papers, comprising letters from several attornies in New York, among which were several from Aaron Burr, who appears to have first discovered that the property held by the Church, was about reverting, or, perhaps, had reverted to the Harponding family.

We learned from the papers that the land now occupied by the Church, was, we think, in the year 1731, leased to it, for the period of one hundred years, by one Harponding, the grandfather, or perhaps the great grandfather of the claimant. The ground was not, at that time, within the limits of the city, and was used as a corn field, and was of little value. Burr, upon learning from the records of the city, the situation of the property, made efforts to find some of the descendants of Harponding, and, after several years, three of them, a brother and two sisters, were found, all three residing in Kentucky, near the Tenessee river. We understood from Smith, the other and younger brother; that his brother and sisters had received from the Church the sum of four hundred thousand dollars for a relinquishment of their claims on the property. Smith, at that time was in Louisiana, where he had been fifteen or twenty years, and was, by his friends, supposed to be dead, they having heard nothing from him during all that time. A gentleman from New York, came across Smith in the town of Monroe, and informed him of the matter. A correspondence with Aaron Burr, and other legal gentlemen in New York, satisfied him of the justness of his claims, but his poverty, as he said, prevented him from taking any decisive steps toward the recovery of the property. His brother, a short time previous, had offered him twenty thousand dollars to relinquish his claims, but he would not accept the offer; all, or nothing, he said. Should he succeed in his suit, he will be one of the wealthiest men in all the country.

THE COTTON SPECULATION.

We noticed in our last, the fact of an unusually large operator in cotton having recently appeared in the New Orleans market, making purchases to the extent of some 30,000 bales, and causing much excitement as to the nature of the speculation, and on whose account the purchases were made. By the mail of yesterday, we get some information as to the nature of the transactions referred to. The gentleman in question is Mr. Vincent Nolte, formerly one of the most extensive merchants in New Orleans, and remarkable alike for his shrewdness and information on all matters of commerce. Mr. Nolte, however, it appears, owing, as it is stated, to some misunderstanding with the banks, has been unable to comply with his engagements, and some 15 to 20,000 bales cotton purchased by him has again been thrown on the market, and Mr. N. himself arrested and held to bail for a very large amount, the sum total of his debt being estimated at not short of one million dollars. The cotton already shipped, it is presumed, will go forward, and is chiefly on board the following vessels, which were under detention by the Sheriff, viz: Coromando, Nestor, Diadem, Constantine, Alliance, Russia, Marathon, and North America.

It is considered these cottons would pay a large profit. The whole affair is still involved in mystery, many persons believing that the difficulties in which Mr. Nolte has become involved resulted solely from the conduct of some of the banks, who first induced expectations which they afterward refused to realise.

The New Orleans market for the above causes had continued in a very unsettled state up to the 27th ult.—*N. Y. Exq.*

CROSS-CUT CANAL.

We are pleased to learn that there is a prospect of the speedy completion of the Mahoning Canal, uniting the Pennsylvania with the Ohio Canal, and Lake Erie. The water is to be let in as far as Youngstown on the 13th inst. and as far as Warren during the present season. Next spring the navigation is to be complete. A transportation company has been formed at Beaver, who have a number of beautiful canal boats finished. The transportation of goods between Lake Erie and the Ohio River will soon be immense,—the completion of the Canal is all that is required.

A SHOCK.

The Hollidaysburg Register of the 1st inst. states that on Monday preceding—"A train of cars, by some means, ran off from the foot of No. 10, and came down the grade to this place without a captain. They shot along with tremendous velocity, without meeting any obstacle till they reached the viaduct, where they came in contact with a couple of cars that were standing on the track. The concussion was tremendous—smashing to atoms the cars standing on the track, while those which descended, are said to have rebounded 10 feet into the air, but sustained no very material injury.

THE VICKSBURG DUEL.

Considerable excitement has prevailed here for some days past, says the New Orleans Picayune of the 28th ult. on account of a rumored fight to come off between two of the Vicksburg editors, Doct. Hagan, of the Sentinel, and Maj. McArdle, of the Whig. We are informed that a number of bets were made on the result, both at Vicksburg and in this city. The parties are reputed excellent shots.

On Wednesday last they met on the Louisiana shore, opposite Vicksburg, at 10 o'clock, when two shots were exchanged with pistols, at ten paces, without effect; a suspension of hostilities was agreed to, and the parties returned to town. We learn that not less than 1000 persons were present to witness the duel.

In the afternoon, McArdle seemed to think he was not satisfied, and it was soon arranged to have another meeting. Accordingly, at four o'clock the belligerents were again on the field. One shot was exchanged, and the ball of the Sentinel Editor took effect in the fleshy part of the thigh of the Whig Editor. This put a stop to the fighting a second time. Whether it will again be renewed we have not learned.

We are glad to state that Major McArdle's wound is not very dangerous.

SUICIDE.

Mr. Woodman Wheeler, of Petersham, was found hanging dead in his barn on Tuesday of last week. The cause of this suicide, as it has been told us, is somewhat singular. Mr. Wheeler, a month since, was a hearty old bachelor, verging upon three score and ten. But though old, his heart was not insensible to the "tender offices and affairs of love." In an unguarded hour, as it seems, he plighted his troth to a lady—we cannot say exactly how far. In another moment "he did repent him of the rash act," and earnestly sought a release from the galling though silken chain. The lady was tenacious, and our bachelor generously offered one hundred dollars for a discharge. The lady pleaded blighted hopes, and, tearful as became her sex, would only accept of twice that sum. The repentant lover thought this extortion, and refused; the pertinacious angel called him a trifler, and threatened a suit for breach of promise. He took counsel legal, and then of his purse, and—married her. On the day of the wedding he left her, and never saw her more. The day of his suicide was the day fixed for her removal to his house. "Liberty or death," thought the sighing husband—and debarred of the former, he embraced the latter. The means were emblematic of his fate; to escape the chafing of a silken cord, he hung himself with a *log chain.*—*Barre (Vt.) Gazette.*

Singular Loss of Muscular Power.—A man has been walking the streets of Boston, lately, from the Eastward, who had suffered such a perfect loss of contractile power in the posterior muscles of the neck, that he is wholly unable to hold up his head. Such is the sensation of weight, and so inconvenient is it to have it dangling, as it were, on the breast, wholly interfering with the use of the eyes or mouth, that a somewhat complicated machine has been invented expressly to remedy the case. An iron rod runs down the line of the spine, supported by straps from the hips upward, encircling the body. Upon the top of the rod a broad band embraces the forehead, and thus the organs of vision are kept on a horizontal line—and thus the poor fellow threads his way over the city, hooped up almost like a cask. How admirable, simple and symmetrical is the apparatus nature employs—snugly packed away on the back of the neck, which maintains the head in an upright condition far more perfectly than the clumsy contrivances of man, when his ingenuity has been taxed to its utmost.—*Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.*

Reported for the Evening Post and News.

SALES OF STOCKS

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

			Price paid for.	par.
205	shares	United States Bank,	116a117	100
346	do.	Girard Bank,	50a55	50
476	do.	Schuylkill Bank,	47a49	50
80	do.	Mechanics Bank,	54¼	50
485	do.	Kentucky Bank,	88½a89¼	100
56	do.	Northern Bank, Ky.	99a100	100
85	do.	Exchange Bank, Pitts.	57	50
1163	do.	Com. & R. R. do. Vicks.	61½a64½	100
31	do.	Union Bank, Tenn.	85a88	100
33	do.	Com. Bank Cincinnati,	101	100
74	do.	Schuylkill Nav. Co.	116a117	50
22	do.	Northern Liberties Gas Co.	52	45
10	do.	Philadelphia Exchange Co.	65½	100
166	do.	Phil. Wilm. & Balt. R. R.	54½	50
33	do.	Mine Hill R. R.	71	50
2	do.	Camden & Amboy R. R.	130	100
14	do.	Girard Trust,	26	25
27	do.	Lehigh Coal & Nav. Co.	86¼	50

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

☞ Agents will please endorse their letters, and Post masters frank in *full.* To constitute a *frank,* it is necessary to write the name of the Post Master in full, and the word "free" also. ☜

May 3, received from		*May 6, received from*	
A. N. Bourdon,	10 00	A. W. Bowen, Esq.	2 00
John Walsh,	4 00	W. W. Johnson, esq.	2 00
N. Kazar,		I. J. M. Lindsay, esq.	10 00
Adam Whinn, Esq.	2 00	Will Jenkins, Esq.	2 00
James Wells, Esq.	2 00	Seth Whalen, Esq.	4 00
Seneca Newberry, esq.	3 00	Wm. E. Hawks, Esq.	2 00
L. M. Taylor, Esq.	2 00	W. H. Wells, nett,	3 87
Sam'l Phillips, Esq.	4 00	J. B. Webster,	2 00
Nicholas Eakin, Esq.	2 00	Joel Norris, nett,	1 75
Chester Chapman,	2 00	Josiah Shaw, nett,	1 75
John S. Rollins,	2 00	*May 7.*	
Geo. F. Washington,	4 00	Robt. H. Baird,	5 00
P. Benson Delany, jr.	2 00	Wm. F. Perdue,	5 00
Isaac Thurgood,	5 00	Daniel Harding,	1 00
A. Munro, Esq.	10 00	William Dunn, Esq.	3 00
Rees Hinckley, Esq.	5 00	Mo's. Wood, Esq.	10 00
Wm. K. Payne, Esq.	5 00	Samuel Britton, Esq.	2 00
Jas. Wynn, Esq.	6 00	W. Smart, Esq.	2 00
May 4.		*May 8.*	
J. G. Kendall,	2 00	O. Hawley, Esq.	2 00
Wm. Gilpin, Esq.	2 00	D. B. Bickford, Esq.	7 00
Adam Peters,	5 00	G. G. Cleaver,	3 00
A. Bourland, Esq.	3 00	Isabella Calvert,	3 00
H. Hand, Esq.	2 00	T. J. Templeton, nett,	14 25
W. Winchell, Esq.	4 00	T. McK Hiester,	5 00
May 6.		Jno. C. Fall,	2 00
Rich. Northington,	15 00	*May 9.*	
G. M. Mulligan and	5 00	Sam'l Brown,	5 00
S. G. Foster,		Jno. G. Youngman,	5 00
Charles S. McKean,	2 00	Herrick Ripley, Esq.	2 00
J. J. Ellis,	2 00	L. Van Buskirk, esq.	5 00
Wm. H. Ruff,	2 00	E. Lamb Stone, Esq.	3 00
B. Fields, Esq.	2 00	A. R. Bushnell, Esq.	6 00
Chas. E. Shepard, esq.	2 00	Jos. Goulbourn, Esq.	2 00
A. H. Mead, Esq.	4 00	J. L. Luckabach, esq.	3 00
A. Ives, Esq.	4 00	Geo. W. Gregory,	2 00
Geo. B. Isham, Esq.	2 00	Jno. Arthur,	2 00

THE PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM.
MRS. WATSON
BEGS respectfully to announce to the public that her twenty-first GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL
CONCERT,
Will take place in the Grand Saloon of the PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM, this Evening, May 11, 1839, to commence at 8 o'clock precisely.
PERFORMERS.
MRS. WATSON—MISS CLARENCE WELLS—MR. HOWARD—MR. QUAYLE—MR. NEWLAND—The Celebrated Professor of the Accordion, MR. A. COLEMAN—MR. WATSON, member of the Royal Academy of Music in London, and conductor of the Concerts in Niblo's Garden, New York, who will preside at the Piano Forte and GENTLEMAN AMATEUR.
A new Grand Action Square Piano Forte, of superior Power, Touch and Brilliancy, has been furnished by Mr. T. Loud, built expressly for these Concerts.
The Saloon will be decorated with a rich display of Flowers, Evergreens, Lemon, and Orange trees, and pots of Shrubs in full bloom.
The charge of admission to both Museum and Concert will be 25 cents—children half price.
Mrs. Watson's 22d Grand Concert on Monday.
Mr. Shaw's 4th Concert on Tuesday.
The Blind Pupils will give a Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert on Thursday evening.

AGENTS
FOR the North, South East and West, are wanted to obtain Subscribers for the semi-annual MAP and PLATE, the A LA MODE and other works just published. A liberal recompense will be offered. As to their superiority, is, that the works have been patronised by such as have taken other fashions for the Spring and summer. To those who revere a worthy fellow tradesman now aged and blind, and who is universally respected, the Portrait on the Plate and the A la mode will ever find a *friendly welcome.* I have marked the eye and countenance brighten when the name of C— W— was associated with the portrait, the sight of which only expresses the vision of the mind.
☞ Call at No. 63 CHESNUT Street—64 ARCADE Philadelphia—or 45 PRATT Street, Baltimore.
my 11—tf* JAMES H. CHAPPELL.

ALMANAC.

MAY, 1839.		SUN RISES.		SUN SETS.		HIGH WATER.		MOON'S CHANGES.			
11	Saturday,	4	58	7	2	0	9				
12	Sunday,	4	57	7	3	1	3				
13	Monday,	4	56	7	4	2	3		D.	H.	M.
14	Tuesday,	4	55	7	5	3	7				
15	Wednesday,	4	54	7	6	4	11	Last	6	10	48
16	Thursday,	4	53	7	7	5	19	New	13	2	10
17	Friday,	4	52	7	8	6	1	First	20	1	21
18	Saturday,	4	51	7	9	7	3	Full	28	3	45

Philadelphia Post Office.

Arrivals and Departure of Mails.

Eastern arrives ab't	5 A. M.	Eastern closes at	5 P. M.
Southern,	3 to 5 P. M.	Southern closes at	1 A. M.
Western,	2 & 7 P. M.	Western at 2 P. M.	& 4 A. M.

MARRIAGES.

On the 2d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Mayor, S. Lehman Smith, to Hetty S. Barnes, daughter of the late Thos. Barnes, of this city.

On the 2d inst. at the 2d Presbyterian Church, by the Rev. Mr. Boardman, Daniel L. Broom, M. D. of Mobile, Ala. to Elizabeth C. Mann, of this city.

On the 2d inst. by Rev. Thomas R. Lambert, U. S. Navy, Lieut. James C. Rich, U. S. Marine Corps, to Miss Elizabeth Hobson, all of this city.

On the 2d inst. by Isaac Roach, Mayor, Mr. David Faust, of this city, to Miss Jane, daughter of John Dungan, Esq. of the Northern Liberties.

On the 2d inst. by Rev. M. J. Rhees, William Fawin, Esq. of Erwin, Steuben, co. N. Y. to Mary, daughter of the late John Evans, Esq. of Allentown, Pa.

On the 3d inst. at the residence of James Dundas, Esq. by the Rev. John A. Clark, Joshua Lippincott, Jr. Esq. of Philadelphia, to Miss Agnes Dundas Keene, daughter of Newton Keene, Esq. of Alexandria, D. C.

On the 2d inst. at Friends' Meeting House, on Spruce street, John G. Cox, to Ann Jones Rowland, daughter of Joseph E. Rowland, all of this city.

On the 1st inst. by Rev. Joseph H. Jones, Franklin Peale, to Caroline E. G. Haslam, all of this city.

On the 1st inst. by Rev. George Chandler, Mr. Joseph Pharo, to Miss Margaret R. Minnis.

On the 1st inst. at St. Augustine's Church, by Rev. Jas. O'Donnell, Mr. Felix McQuaide, to Miss Marguretta A. Maguire, daughter of Mr. John Maguire, merchant of this city.

At Friends' Meeting, Cherry st. on the 1st inst. Jas. Smith Sterling, of Trenton, N. J. to Hannah, daughter of Thomas R. Williams, of this city.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Wm. Suddards, Craig Moffet, of Mount Holly, N. J. to Jane Ross, youngest daughter of the late Samuel Allen, Esq. of this city.

At Boston, on the 1st inst. by Rev. Doctor Anderson, the Rev. Charles Wiley, of Northampton, to Mrs. Eliza P. Lyman, formerly connected with the mission to South Eastern Asia.

On the 1st inst. by Rev. Dr. Carroll, George P. Johnson, to Miss Rebecca Rowland, all of this city.

In Baltimore, on the 30th ult. by Rev. Dr. Wyatt, R. B. Quinby, Esq. of Pennsylvania, to Elizabeth Anne Upshur, daughter of Littleton Dennis Teackle, Esq. of Maryland.

On the 30th ult. by Rev. Joseph W. Jones, Mr. P. Geo. Warrington, to Adele Lalanne, daughter of the late D. P. Lalanne, all of this city.

On the 27th ult. by John Conrad, Mayor of the Northern Liberties, Alfred Tregg, M. D. to Mercy Ann Featherby, both of Bucks County, Pa.

In Baltimore, on the 23d ult. by the Rev. Daniel Zollickoffer, A. F. Dulin, M. D. to Caroline Susan, eldest daughter of David Kerner, Esq. of that city.

On the 23d ult. at the residence of Mr Benj. Kerns, High Bank, near Chillicothe, Ohio, by the Rev. Mr. Post, Mr. A. J. Williams, near South Bloomfield, Franklin county, Ohio, to Miss Emma P. Trimble, daughter of Robert Trimble, of this city.

At Milford, Delaware, on the 18th ult. by the Rev. John D. Onins, the Rev. Charles Karsner, of the Philadelphia Annual Conference, to Miss Lavinia R. Millechop, daughter of the late James Millechop, Esq. of Baltimore.

In Trenton, N. J. on the 13th ult. by the Rev. M. Fitch, of Newark, John Furman, of Trenton, to Matilda, daughter of Enoch, Ketcham, of Pennington, N. J.

In Trenton, N. J. on the 9th ult. by Rev. John W. Yeomans, Jonathan Cook, of Princeton, to Julia Anna, daughter of John Paxson, of that city.

DEATHS.

In Byberry, on the 12th ult. of hooping cough, Anna Phebe, in the third year of her age, and on the 14th ult. Benjamin, in the fifth month of his age, only children of John and Hannah Leslie, late of Holmesburg.

On the 7th inst. David Naylor, brother of the Hon. Charles Naylor, in the 33d year of his age.

On the 7th inst. Mr. Wm. L. Hobson, in the 63d year of his age.

In Readington N. J. on the 5th inst. Col. David Schamp, an officer of the Revolution, aged 85 years.

On the 5th inst. Mr. John J. Dull, in the 36th year of his age.

On the 5th inst. Charles Doyle, Jr. aged 6 years and 2 months.

In Reading on the 4th inst. at the residence of his father-in-law, John Heister, Esq. William F. Sheaff, in the 37th year of his age, eldest son of George Sheaff, Esq. of Montgomery co. Pa.

On the 3d inst. at the house of her son-in-law, Dan'l W. Engelman, Mrs. Ann Hoover, in the 60th year of her age.

On the 3d inst. in the 79th year of her age, Martha Evans.

On the 3d inst. Elizabeth, daughter of George and Christiana Eslar, aged 1 year and 1 month.

On the 3d inst. Patrick Mooney, aged 36 years, of pulmonary consumption.

On the 2d inst. Mrs. Agnes Wayne, aged 71 years.

On the 2d inst. of pulmonary consumption, Mr. Robert Murray.

At his residence, near Bridgeport, on the 2d inst. after a short but severe indisposition, Cephas Grego, Esq. the senior partner of the firm of Greg & Bennett, Merchants, of Brownsville, Pa. in the 53d year of his age.

On the 2d inst. Isaac C. Combes, son of Mr. John R. Combes, in the 17th year of his age.

On the 2d inst. after a lingering illness, Mr. Owen Meany, in the 64th year of his age.

In Pottsville, on the 2d inst. in about the 42d year of his age, Rev. Arthur Wainwright,—for the last 5 years and upward Pastor of the Catholic Congregation of that Borough and vicinity.

On the 1st inst. in Alexandria township, N. J. Hart Johnson, Esq. aged about 60 years—a Judge of the Inferior court of Common Pleas.

At her residence, in Troy, on the 29th ult. Mrs. Mary Linn, aged 86 years, daughter of that distinguished patriot of the Revolution, William Livingston.

In Ewing, N. J. on the 28th ult. Mr. Edmond Roberts, in the 85th year of his age. He was a soldier in the Revolutionary War.

At his residence, Fruit Hill, near Chilicothe, Ohio, on the 28th ult. Gen. Duncan McArthur, in the 68th year of his age.

At his residence, in Warren, Pa. on the morning of the 21st inst. William P. McDowell.

On the 13th ult. near Port Gibson, Mississippi, Mrs. Caroline Bertron, wife of Rev. Samuel R. Bertron, formerly of this city.

In Vernon township, Sussex county, N. J. on the 8th ult. Mr. Moses Dunn, a soldier of the Revolution, in the 82d year of his age.

At South Bend, Ind. on the 27th of Feb. Isaac Carvery, a native of England, aged 46 years and 6 months, of consumption.

THE NATIONAL SILK WORM.
SUCCESSFUL attempts have been made at different periods in many of the Northern and Southern States, and the specimens of Silk produced, afford sufficient proof that not only the climate and soil of the country are admirably suited to the culture of Silk, but even that American Silk, properly managed, actually surpasses in quality that of the most favored countries in the world.
These specimens show that Silk might become one of the richest staples of the United States.
Suppose that out of fifteen millions of inhabitants in the United States, one million of them compose that worthy class called farmers. Suppose that only one half of them or their children only, would devote six weeks every year to raise a few thousand silk worms. The poorest farmer, having a few hundred mulberry trees, may with the least trouble and without any extra expense, give a crop of at least 100 pounds of cocoons. This minimum, obtained from 500,000 farmers throughout the Union would give us an annual production of 50,000,000 pounds of cocoons or an average of 6,250,000 pounds of raw Silk; which, at the low price of $4 a pound, would produce an annual production of $25,000,000! The amount now annually paid to foreign countries for Silk!!
The above remarks are from the National Intelligencer, and forcibly illustrate and reiterate the immense advantages which the immortal Franklin predicted for the Silk business, which he commenced in Philadelphia, in 1770, and which was only stopped by the revolution.—The same views have again and again been taken by several committees appointed by Congress at different periods who with the President Adams at their head, have invariably reported to Congress in favor of the Silk culture as a great and certain source of wealth both to individuals and to the country. The whole subject is daily increasing in interest, and the people generally appear now to be awakening to a sense of its golden importance.
TERMS.
THE NATIONAL SILK WORM is published regularly every TUESDAY, on the following terms, viz.
$1 50 per annum payable on subscribing.
Two copies for Three Dollars.
Four copies for Five Dollars.
Post masters, Clubs, Agents, or other individuals, disposed to aid in extending a knowledge of the Silk Culture, and introducing the business into their particular neighborhoods, will be allowed the unusually liberal commission of Thirty-three and a third per cent. on remittances in cash on all sums not less than Ten Dollars.
In addition to all matters relating to the silk growing business this paper will contain an accurate list of prices of produce and other articles in the Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New York Markets, Bank Note List, containing the rates of discount, fraudulent and broken Banks, &c. together with the latest news, as well as useful, amusing and miscellaneous reading.
All communications to the publisher by mail must be post paid. Address T. C. CLARKE,
Publisher Silk Worm, Philadelphia.
The Silk Worm will be sent in exchange to all publishers who may give the above a few insertions.
my 11—tf

THE CHINESE COLLECTION,
IN the Lower Saloon of the New Building, at THE CORNER OF NINTH AND GEORGE STREETS PHILADELPHIA, is now open to visitors every day, (excepting Sunday,) from 10 o'clock A. M. to 10 o'clock P. M.
THE COLLECTION consists of CHINESE ARTICLES, EXCLUSIVELY, and entirely fills the SPLENDID SALOON, of 154 feet in length, by 65 in width, embracing above FIFTY FIGURES AS LARGE AS LIFE, all fac-similes, in groups in their native costumes, from the highest MANDARIN in office of Government to the Blind Mendicant, in his patched garment asking alms.
MANY THOUSAND SPECIMENS, both in NATURAL HISTORY and MISCELLANEOUS CURIOSITIES, illustrating the appearance, manners, and customs of more than 300,000,000 Asiatics and of an EMPIRE respecting which the rest of the world have had scarcely any opportunity of judging, and which the public are now invited to visit.
my 11—6m*

THE CASKET
AND
Philadelphia Monthly Magazine.
CHANGE OF PROPRIETORS.
JUST PUBLISHED,
The May Number of this popular Magazine, embellished with a splendid engraving on steel, the "FAVORITE OF THE HAREM" illustrating a tale by Miss Pardoe. A very fine engraving on Wood of "OUDE, ON THE RIVER GOGGRA, INDIA," and TWO PAGES OF MUSIC, arranged for the Guitar.
The Contents which are unusually rich, are as follows:
The Favorite of the Harem, Miss Pardoe; Rambling in Rome; Sisters to the Ladies, Oliver Oldrum; Love will find out a Way; An Adventure in the West, H. W. C.; The Wife: Or, Woman's Constancy, John T. Woolf, Esq.; The Fairy Shoe; Nora Boyle; Fair Annie Macleod, Mrs. Crawford; Fort of Oude, on the River Goggra.
POETRY.
Kathleen Mavourneen, Mrs. Crawford; William Tell to his Troops, Mrs. Crawford; The Melancholy Wind, Childers; To Blanche, Park Benjamin; Genevieve, D. L.; Homage to Woman, Schiller; [illegible] C.; Morning its Sweets is Flinging, [illegible]; Lines suggested by David's Picture of Napoleon Asleep; A Father's Curse, Thomas Aird.
THE JUNE NUMBER.—We can promise our subscribers something unusually good for the next number. It will contain a splendid steel engraving, illustrating a story of the well-known and terrible Thug of Madras, in Bengal, besides several communications from highly gifted pens. There are one or two pieces of poetry on our file, which in their way are quite gems.
NOTICE TO AGENTS.—Those who have acted as agents for the Casket, while under the charge of Mr. S. C. Atkinson, will please continue to act in that capacity for the present proprietors to whom they are respectfully requested to remit all funds in their hands for the year 1839.
The proprietors wish it to be distinctly understood that under the new arrangement, the CASKET will be a separate and distinct publication from the "Post." Complaints have often been made that the reading matter of the two was the same. *From and after the present number,* the "CASKET" will stand upon its own basis.
TERMS—$2 50 per annum, or TO CLUBS, FIVE COPIES YEARLY for Ten Dollars, invariably in advance.
The Casket will continue to be issued by the new proprietors, from the old office, No. 26 Carter's Alley.
G. R. GRAHAM & CO.
To whom our friends are requested to direct all their communications relative to the Casket.

BOWEL COMPLAINTS CURED.
JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM is a certain, safe, and effectual remedy for dysentery, diarrhoea, or looseness, cholera morbus, summer complaint, cholic, griping pains, sour stomach, flatulency, &c. &c. and all spasmodic and nervous diseases, as sick and nervous head ache, hysteria, cramp, &c. &c.
From Dr. M. L. Knapp, late Physician to the Baltimore Dispensary, and agent for the Navy and Vaccine Institution.
Baltimore March 27, 1838.
Dr. Jayne—Dear Sir—You ask me what proofs I meet with of the efficacy of your medicine. I can safely say that I never prescribed a medicine for Bowel Complaints that has given me so much satisfaction, and my patients as speedy and perfect relief as this. Whenever introduced into a family it becomes a standing remedy for those ailments and is called for again and again, which I think a pretty good proof of its efficacy and usefulness. In the Summer Complaint of children it has frequently appeared to snatch the little victims, as it were, from the grave. "It saved the life of my child, and of such and such a child" I have repeatedly heard said. In dysenteric affections of adults, I have time and again seen it act like a charm and give permanent relief in a few hours, I may say in a few minutes. In fine, it is a valuable medicine, and no family should be without it.
Respectfully,
M. L. Knapp, M. D.
From Dr. Wm. Steeling, Physician to the Cumberland, N. J. Almshouse.
This may certify that I have used Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam very extensively in Bowel Complaints, and have not the least hesitation in declaring it superior to any preparation that I have met with for the relief of those diseases.
Wm. Steeling, M. D.
Bridgeton, July 19, 1836.
From Jonathan Going, D. D. (late of New York) President of Granville College, Ohio.
Dr. D. Jayne—Dear Sir—Having made use of your Carminative Balsam in my family, and finding it to be admirably adapted to the complaints for which it is intended, I take pleasure in recommending it to the use of my friends and the public generally, believing those who are afflicted with any of these complaints, will find relief in the use of this valuable medicine.
New York, May 20, 1837. Jonathan Going.
From the Rev. H. K. Green, Professor in the Germantown Collegiate Institute.
Germantown, April 20, 1838.
Dr. Jayne—My Dear Sir—It gives me pleasure to communicate, in this manner, my favorable opinion of your Carminative Balsam. For two years it has been in almost constant use in my family. It was thus introduced. A child, five years old, had been sick some five or six days with the dysentery. Calomel and other medicines had been freely administered, but without the least apparent benefit. The peculiar discharges from the bowels were unchanged in both character and frequency; the strength of the little patient could not hold out much longer. At this juncture I was reminded, by a friend, of your Balsam. After a portion of castor oil it was administered several times through the night. In the morning the physician found the discharges essentially changed; the disease was checked, nay, removed; all other medicines were discontinued, and the child was soon restored to usual health. We have ever since kept this invaluable medicine on hand, and for both adults and children, have found it uniformly efficacious. We readily pronounce it the best adapted to family use of all the preparations with which we are acquainted.—Hoping that the public will soon become universally acquainted with this medicine, I remain, yours, &c.
H. K. Green.
☞ It may be had wholesale and retail of Dr. JAYNE, No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia, A. B. & D. Sands, No. 100 Fulton street, New York; John W. Sheppard, Cincinnati, Ohio, General Depositories and in most of the towns and cities of the United States.
☞ CAUTION.—Dr. Jayne's genuine Carminative and Expectorant, both *always have* his WRITTEN SIGNATURE on the outside wrapper. There are counterfeits on both these valuable medicines—therefore beware and always look for the written signature of D. Jayne. my 4—tf

WILLIAM LANCASTER'S
FANCY Wire Fender, Brass Stair Rod, and Curtain Pole Manufactory, No. 316 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia. my 4—6m*

BOARDING AT WEST CHESTER, PA.
A FEW respectable boarders can be accommodated in a private family, during the summer season by early application at Mrs. Heath's, west end of Gay street, West Chester. Also conveniences for a pair of horses and vehicle. (References exchanged.) my 4—3t*

NOTICE.
LETTERS Testamentary having been granted to Isaac Griffith and James Howell, Executors, named in the last will and testament of Ann Ashbridge, late of the city of Philadelphia, deceased. By the register of wills and for granting letters of administration, for the city and county of Philadelphia, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to the estate of said deceased, to make payment and all those who have accounts or demands against said estate, to make known the same to them without delay.
ISAAC GRIFFITH, No. 130 Dillwyn street.
JAMES HOWELL, No. 3[illegible] North Third street,
Executors.
4mo 21 1839. ap 27—6t*

FOR SALE A VALUABLE FARM,
ON the road leading from Wellsville to Cleveland, seven miles west from Salem in the state of Ohio. The improvements are a frame dwelling house, barn and three wells of good water. There are about eighty-five acres of land, of which sixty acres is under a high state of cultivation, stocked with a choice variety of grafted fruit trees, comprising apples, pears, peaches, &c &c.—The situation is a healthy one, and possessing rare advantages for a public house.
Also, five building lots, situate in the town of Salem, three of which are on Market street, well calculated for stores or any kind of public business, one of the above property has been occupied as a store by the present owner for upwards of fifteen years. Terms accommodating, if application is made soon. Apply to
my 4—4t* DAVID GASKILL, Salem, Ohio.

TO THE LADIES.
MISSES JOHNSON'S, No. 20 Chesnut street, have just received an extensive assortment of French Millinery, comprising Chip, and Silk Bonnets. One case of Lawn Bonnets, also the Lawn of various shades, for making the same. Likewise several cases of Florence Braid, and English Straw Bonnets.
A number of good Milliners at Silk or Straw, will find immediate employment, by applying at the above establishment. my 4—3t*

NOTICE.
LETTERS of administration to the estate of Adam Ferrers, late of the district of Southwark, in the county of Philadelphia, (lamp maker) deceased, having been granted to the subscriber, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment forthwith and all having claims, to present them duly authenticated.
JOSIAH FERRERS, Administrator
my 4—6t* Byberry Township, Philada. county.

HIRST & DREER'S
WARRANTED GARDEN SEEDS.
The subscribers have just received from London, a few copies of Sweet's Botanical Cultivator, or Green and Hot House Manual, being a complete treatise on the management of the Hot House and cultivation of Delicate and hardy Green House Plants, soils, &c.
6th edition, revised and improved, price $5.
Cobb's Silk Manual, new edition, 75 cents.
Roberts of Baltimore, Silk Manual, new edition, 37½
American Silk Growers Guide, by Wm. Kenrick, 62½
Flower Garden Companion, *to the ladies,* by Edward Sayres, 62½.
Mowbray on Poultry, &c. &c. a very useful work, 62½
Forcade's Treatise on the Mulberry and Silk Worm translated from the Chinese and French, by order of the Secretary of State, price $1.
Bridgeman's Florist's Guide on the care of Plants in Rooms, Dahlias, Bulbous Roots, Flower Seeds, &c. a complete work price 37½ cents
Gardener's Assistant (Bridgeman's) the best work on Kitchen Flower Garden and Nursery in use, with a copious calendarial index. No Farmer or Gardener should do without it. Price $1.
Abridged 62½ cents, with a variety of useful works on Agriculture.
The celebrated Rohan Potato and Chinese Tree or Tall Prolific Corn, with a large assortment of warranted Garden and Field Seeds of their own growth, for freshness and purity to be surpassed by none grown in this country. A superb collection of Annual Biennial and Perennial Flower Seeds just imported from Europe, and of the choicest kinds. Garden Tools, Green House Syringes, and implements of all kinds.
HIRST & DREER,
Seedsmen and Florists, 97 Chesnut St. above 3d, Phila.
, Catalogues of our new and superb Dahlias, prime varieties, comprising the best in America or Europe, are ready for delivery. ap 6—tf

A STOCK OF DRUGS, &C. FOR SALE,
AND DRUG STORE TO LET.—The stock and fixtures of an excellent stand, in the thriving town of Easton, Pa. is for sale. It was long occupied as a Drug Store, by the late Dr. C. A. Eckardt. The store can be rented to the purchaser if required, and immediate possession given. For terms apply to
WETHERILL & BROTHER
my 4—tf No. 65 North Front street.

WORMS, WORMS, WORMS.
TO remove those troublesome and dangerous inhabitants of the Stomach and Bowels, which so often impair the health and destroy the lives of children, use Dr. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE, a certain and safe preparation for the removal of the various kinds of Worms, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Want of Appetite, Infantile Fever and Ague, and debility of the Stomach and Bowels and organs of digestion. To be had at No. 20 South THIRD street, Philadelphia. ap 20—tf

LIFE AND HEALTH.
PERSONS whose nerves have been injured by Calomel, or excessive grief, great loss of blood, the suppression of accustomed discharges or cutaneous eruptions, intemperate habits, or other causes which tend to relax and enervate the nervous system, will find a friend to soothe and comfort, in EVANS'S CHAMOMILE PILLS. Those afflicted with Epilepsy or Falling Sickness, Palsy, Serious apoplexy, and organic affections of the Heart, Nausea, Vomiting, pains in the side, breast, limbs, head, stomach or back, will find themselves immediately relieved, by using
EVANS'S CHAMOMILE and APERIENT PILLS.
Dr. EVANS does not pretend to say that his medicine will cure all diseases that flesh and blood are heir to, but he does say that in all Debilitated and Impaired Constitutions—in Nervous diseases of all kinds particularly of the DIGESTIVE ORGANS, and in Incipient Consumption, whether of the Lungs or Liver, they will cure. That dreadful disease CONSUMPTION, might have been checked in its commencement, and disappointed of its prey all over the land, if the first symptoms of Nervous Debility had been counteracted by the CHAMOMILE FLOWER, chemically prepared; together with many other diseases, where other remedies have proved fatal.
How many persons do we daily find tortured with that dreadful disease, SICK HEADACHE, if they would only make trial of this invaluable medicine, they would perceive that life is a pleasure and not a source of misery and abhorrence. In conclusion I would warn nervous persons against the abstraction of BLOOD either by leeches, cupping, or the employment of the lancet. Drastic purgatives in delicate habits are almost equally improper. These are practices too often resorted to in such cases, but they seldom fail to prove highly injurious. Certificates of cures are daily received, which add sufficient testimony of the great efficacy of this invaluable Medicine, in relieving afflicted mankind.
OBSERVE.—Dr. Wm. Evans's Chamomile and Family Aperient Pills are put up in small packs, each pack contains one vial and one box, (both pills.) The purchasers should be careful that they do not buy the wrong Medicine, as there are Pills among some druggists bearing the name of Evans's Pills, but which are not Dr. Wm. Evans's genuine Chamomile Pills—therefore you that order Medicine, be careful that you are not deceived.—Medical Office and General Depot is at No. 19 North Eighth street, Philadelphia, where orders for the Medicine may be directed. ap 20—tf

DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP
OF PRUNUS VIRGINIANA, OR WILD CHERRY.
This medicine is offered to the public as an effectual remedy in all affections indicative of *Pulmonary Diseases,* both in their recent and more advanced stages, such as *Asthma, Pulmonary Consumption,* recent or chronic COUGHS, Hoarseness, Hooping Cough, Wheezing, and Difficulty of Breathing, Spitting of Blood, Night Sweats, &c. This remedy is highly useful to persons whose nerves have been injured by calomel or excessive grief, great loss of blood, the suppression of accustomed discharges, or cutaneous eruptions, intemperate habits, or other causes which tend to renovate or relax the nervous system. How many persons do we daily behold approaching to an untimely grave wrested in the bloom of youth from their dear relatives and friends, afflicted with that common and destructive ravager, called CONSUMPTION which soon wastes the miserable sufferer until they become beyond the power of human skill. If such sufferers would only make a trial of Dr. Swayne's invaluable medicine they would soon find themselves more benefitted than by going the various ineffective remedies with which our newspapers daily abound. This Syrup immediately begins to heal the ulcerated lungs stopping profuse night sweats, mitigating the distressing cough, and at the same time inducing a healthy and natural expectoration; also relieving the shortness of breath and pain in the chest, which harass the sufferer on the slightest exercise, and finally the hectic flush in the pallid and emaciated cheek, will soon begin to vanish, and the sufferer will here perceive himself snatched from a premature grave into the enjoyment again of comfortable health.
OBSERVE.—The above medicine is for sale at the *Medical Office,* No. 19 North EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia, where all orders must be addressed. To avoid imposition the Proprietor's name is impressed in the bottles; likewise his signature is attached to the labels on the bottles. Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5.
ap 27—tf

PHILADELPHIA SUSPENDER AND STOCK MANUFACTORY.
No. 20 South Fourth street, below Market street.
A. L. VANSICKLE respectfully informs the Western and Southern Merchants, that he manufactures and has constantly on hand, an extensive assortment of SUSPENDERS and STOCKS, made in the most improved and fashionable styles.
SUSPENDERS—Manufactured of Silk Cotton, Worsted and Gum Elastic of various qualities.
STOCKS—Made in the most fashionable styles, on the best Bristle Frames, of Silk, Satin, Mohair, Bombazine, Velvet, &c. and warranted in point of workmanship, durability and shape, inferior to none made.
ALSO—SILK AND BRISTLE STOCKS—A light and handsome article, adapted to summer wear; a large assortment of them on hand, comprising a great variety of patterns; they are far superior to any thing formerly used for that purpose.
Also—Manufacture and have constantly on hand, an assortment of Russia Belts, cravat stiffeners, vest springs, shoulder braces, gum elastic boot straps and garters.
LINEN BOSOMS AND COLLARS, and ready made LINEN, in great variety.
A large assortment of POCKET BOOKS, LADIES' FASHIONABLE CORSETS, & INDIA RUBBER GOODS constantly on hand.
All of the above articles will be disposed of on the most reasonable terms, wholesale and retail.
☞ Country merchants in general, are respectfully invited to call, before they purchase elsewhere.
N. B.—Stock Frames and Buckles for sale by the gross or dozen. [illegible]

REMOVAL.
E. W. VAN HORN & CO. have removed from No. 20 South Fourth street to No. 135 Chesnut street, third door above Fourth street, opposite the Philadelphia Bank. ap 27—4t

MORAVIA SILK COMPANY.
A MEETING of the Stockholders of the *Moravia Silk Culture and Manufacturing Company of Pennsylvania,* will be held in this city, on the evening of Thursday, the 23d May next, at Evans's Hotel, George street, for the election of officers for the ensuing year, &c.
L. JOHNSON, Secretary.
Philadelphia, April 27, 1839. ap 27—tf

WANTED,
A LAD who writes an expeditious and legible hand—one accustomed to packing newspapers preferred.—Apply at this office. ap 27—tf

INFIRMARY FOR DISEASES OF THE SKIN
NO. 30 North Sixth Street, above Arch, Philadelphia—
Physician,
O. H. Partridge, M. D.
REFERENCES.
J. C. Warren, M. D. Prof. of Anatomy, &c. Boston, Mass.
W. Parker, M. D. Prof. of Anatomy, &c. Cincinnati, Ohio.
PHILADELPHIA.
H. Bond, M. D. | B. S. Janney, M. D.
J. Klapp, M. D. | H. Chase, M. D.
R. Coates, M. D. | S. S. Fitch, M. D.
Office Hours—From 8 to 10 o'clock in the morning—4 to 5 o'clock in the afternoon—7 to 8 o'clock in the evening. feb 6—3m*
Persons from a distance, wishing medical advice by writing correct descriptions of their cases, and enclosing a fee (letters post paid)—shall receive prompt attention by advice and prescription.

CROUP, COUGH, ASTHMA,
SPITTING of Blood, Hooping Cough, and all Pulmonary Diseases, cured by JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, and the various affections of the *Stomach and Bowels* removed by his Carminative Balsam.
Please read the following letter:
Darlington, Beaver County, Pa.
February, 1839.
DEAR SIR—I feel it due to you as the inventor of the medicine and to the public, who may be greatly benefitted by it, to state a cure that was performed in my family, by the use of your "Carminative Balsam."
My little son, when about two months old was seized with a *bowel complaint,* caused as I suppose, by a change of diet. It continued for two weeks without intermission, and notwithstanding the remedies prescribed by a respectable physician, we gave up the child a victim, as we supposed to a fatal disease. But I providentially heard of "Jayne's Carminative," as an effectual cure for bowel complaint, and immediately dispatched a messenger to a town seventeen miles off for a bottle. By the use of this medicine in less than thirty-six hours the disease was checked; and by its continued use for a few days the child was restored to perfect health. Shortly after this, there occurred a similar case in one of the families of my congregation. I prescribed "Jayne's Carminative," and the result was a speedy cure. From knowledge of the efficacy of your medicine in bowel complaint, a disease to which children are constantly liable, I have obtained and keep constantly in the house, a quantity of the "Carminative."
The same child, owing to exposure, when recently coming up the Ohio, was attacked by that terrible malady, CROUP. We landed in the night at Beaver Point, and when our fears were alarmed lest the hoarse, rough, guttural cough, was the forerunner of death we gave him a teaspoonful of the "*Expectorant,*" a bottle of which you presented me with when in Philadelphia, and applied some liniment to the throat and breast, and before many minutes the hoarseness was gone, the child breathed freely and slept sweetly. Owing to these circumstances it cannot be wondered at why I have so high an opinion of Dr. Jayne's medicine, and why I advise every family to keep it on hand *ready for any emergency.*
Respectfully yours,
ARTHUR B. BRADFORD,
Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Darlington, Pa.
Dr. D. Jayne.

A CARD.
THE reasons that the Patentees have said so little concerning the Rhubarb Plant in the manufacturing of the Sunflower Helianthus and Rhubarb Segars are, that they have had but few of the latter leaf during the last season, but all purchasers of a patent will be satisfactorily informed as to the cultivation and use. All letters concerning the above, as to information or the purchase of patent rights for the manufacture and vending of the Sunflower and Rhubarb Segars post paid, addressed to Groff & Goodman, Marietta, Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, will be punctually attended to. Persons in the city of Philadelphia, we refer to our agent Mr. F. Collins, wholesale drug store, South West corner of Fifth and Minor streets; in the city of Baltimore, Mr J. Y. Tompkins, No. 4 Spear's Wharf, where they can see a sample of the above, with information as to their virtue, &c.
GROFF & GOODMAN,
ap 27—3t Patentees for the above.

THE OLIO

Variety's the Spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

TOUCH THY HARP, MY FAIREST.

BALLAD—BY [illegible].

Touch thy harp, my fairest,
And soothe my soul to peace,
The gentle smile thou wearest
Can bid e'en passion cease.
Thou art so like my mother
In beauty, form, and worth,
Than whom I deemed none other,
So bright would grace the earth.

Dry those tears, my dearest,
That dim those eyes of blue:
With thy smile thou cheerest
A soul subdued, but true.
Sing, dearest, sing of pleasure,
'Tis balm for all my pain:
Thou art life's only treasure—
Oh! strike the chords again!

* * *

While Joe moves all too quick, or all too slow,
No hour of joy can be the hour of Joe:
But Nick (sly rogue!) is ne'er too slow, nor quick
The nick of time, is still the time of Nic!

THE SUBLIME.—The *Sherborne Mercury*, in describing a ball which took place last week in Dorsetshire, says:—"Dancing was kept up with great spirit until Sol doffed his nightcap and squinted through the sky!"

Poor Tom three wives has fairly tackle'd;
A vixen was the first;
A [illegible] bargain still the second;
And then the third, and worst.
Prithee, dear Tom, hear wisdom's word!
So many trials past!
Since change the worst was change the third,
Make change the third—the last!

"Will you let me have a few articles out of your store on credit?" asked a new customer of a Quaker merchant.

"Well, I don't exactly know. When thee resets thy fence in the spring, does thee set it inside or outside of where it stood before?"

"Why, I set it outside, and clean up the row where it stood."

"Does thee? Well, thee shall have credit in my store for any thing thee wants."—*Greensboro' Pat.*

Doctor Channing says, "*God be thanked for books!*" Not without some discrimination, we would add. Books may be bad as well as good. Some books are written for conscience sake; and some for copy-right's sake. Some books have been written by lovers of truth, and others by those who were more in love with their own opinions than truth. Books that are intended for children should be selected with even more care than the food which is intended to nourish their bodies.—*Pic.*

BE EASY.—A French gentleman, totally unacquainted with the English language, being introduced into a circle of young ladies in Boston, after the usual ceremonies had passed, seated himself beside a beautiful young girl; and being deprived of the satisfaction of conversing with her (his countenance, however, expressing the emotion of his heart) he seized her by the hand. She requested him to "be easy"—which he mistaking for the French word, *baise*—(kiss me)—began kissing her to the great mirth of the company. The consequence was, that the ladies came to an unanimous determination never to say "be easy" to a Frenchman.

Almost every individual of the human family has by nature a particular talent, which when brought into requisition, and applied to some exclusive object cannot but be attend with commensurate success; but the man who vainly conceives that he can succeed in every thing, seldom becomes eminent in any. It is absurd policy to commence a dozen projects together, or even to begin a second before the first has been rendered permanently successful.

SPRING AND POETRY.—The editor of the Cincinnati News has had his imagination exalted by the poetic influences of spring, and thus pours out the tide of song.

"And now the merry ploughboy
Whistles his morning song:
Along the dale, and through the vale
'Tis echoed loud and long.
The farmer's flocks are roving free,
And on the budding shrubbery
His spouse's
Cows
Browse,
And the martins have returned, and found
A welcome to our houses;
And the little niggers run around
Divested of their trousers."

A SISTER'S LOVE.—There is something inexpressibly touching in a sister's love. Her heart is a realm of pure and unearthly affections, and happy should that brother be to whom she clings through the changing scenes of the blighting world. She has been his companion from childhood, she watched the development of his mind and person, she has admonished him when wrong, and smiled upon his triumphs—she has peopled his mind with the rare and beautiful treasures of her own, she has taught him those virtues which will render him a useful member of society, prepare him for death, and embalm his memory when he has passed away. Sooner can you bind the free wind than seal up the springs of such mysterious affections. They will flow on, and the desert and cave cannot resist their progress. And as sorrow and misfortune strip from life its charms and dreams, there is one recollection that will come like music to a brother's heart—that will thrill upon its darkened and troubled depths with a strange yet sweet melody, and bring up scenes of home and childhood; long unremembered by him. It is the recollection of a sister's love.

ARAB TACITURNITY.—A celebrated poet of Bagdad had heard one of his brethren of Damascus so highly extolled, that he determined to visit him, and learn for himself whether he merited the reputation he enjoyed. He arrived at Damascus, after a journey of two months. The customary salutation having passed, he apprised his host of the purpose of his visit. The poet of Damascus took the manuscript of a history he was composing, and read some extracts to his guest. The latter listened in silence until the reader made an end, and then said,

"*You are the greatest writer in prose*"——

He remounted his dromedary, and rode back to Bagdad without another word. After a while the citizen of Damascus thought it might be well to return this visit. He reached Bagdad in two months. The Aristarchus who had given an opinion of his prose received him silently but for old acquaintance sake made him be seated. The new comer not to interrupt his host unnecessarily, drew at once from his pocket a manuscript poem, and read some pages. The man of Bagdad listened attentively, as before, and at the end of the reading, he remarked in continuation of the sentence suspended for six months,

"——*and in verse.*"

They separated without exchanging another syllable.—*Impressions of Travel.*

THE PROFESSOR AND THE STUDENT.

A professor of Latin in the University of Edinburg, now no more, having desired the students to give him a list of their names in Latin, was greatly surprised at seeing written on a slip of paper the name "Joannes Ovum Novum."

After in vain seeking for a translation of this, he at last became convinced that it was one of those dark Latin passages, to decypher which even the skill of Bentley would have failed, or that it was a hoax.

He therefore the next day, in the class, read out the three dark words, and desired the writer of them to stand.

One of his pupils immediately rose.

"What are you?" said the professor.

"A poor scholar, sir," was the answer.

"A very *poor* scholar indeed, sir or you would never have written such stuff as "Joannes Ovum Novum. That can't be your name, sir."

"I don't see," said the student, "where you could find better Latin; my name is John Agnew. Ovum for egg, (Ag) Novum, for new; Ovum Novum—egg new."

The professor, seeing that he had rather the worst of it, immediately laid his finger on his forehead, and looking on his hopeful pupil, who was standing somewhat in the attitude of a drill sergeant exclaimed in a pitiful voice—

"Alas! alas! something wrong here, I doubt,"

"May be so," shouted "Ovum Novum."—"Something may be wrong *there*; but," striking his hand upon his own forehead, "there is nothing wrong *here*!" THEODORE HOOK.

The company of wits is courted; but we prefer the intimacy of a man of thoughtfulness and reflection. The most we can promise ourselves from the former, is diversion and merriment; but we depend on the latter for solid substantial services. The first is like sunshine without rain, pleasant but unprofitable the second like a most fertile climate, which though cloudy and less enlivening, yet repays the dweller with plenty.

THE LONE WIDOW.

* * * In one cottage at Glengariff was a widow, who was childless. She was busily employed in knitting; the pittance thus gained was little, yet a little is often precious in an Irish home, where it is mostly expended in clothing—rarely in food. Her face was pale, and the eye bright with that appealing look that instantly touches another's feeling; its effect was aided by the clear and almost musical voice, often heard among the Irish women. In her husband's time they had lived in comparative plenty and comfort, by his daily labor. He had died almost in his youth, and she, too, was still young; and they had known no sorrows till this first and latest, for she seemed to think that every other yet to come must fall lightly. The Irish are said to be quickly forgetful of benefits received, or love enjoyed; that their powerful emotions are like their rains, fierce and brief. But this is not so; their domestic attachments are strongly felt, and often long remembered. The neighbors and villagers are mutually kind in feeling and conduct. It is often pleasant to watch the looks and hear the expressions of this poor people to each other, and the sympathy taken in each other's hour of bereavement. The sorrow of this woman seemed to be brooded over, as if she loved it more than any other thing. In the midst of her employment the look was absent; yet she took pleasure in telling of her loss, and how she was early left a widow, and lived so happy with her husband, and seldom left her home, save to go to the chapel, and to visit the place of his rest, which she kept clean and fresh, though it was only a grassy mound. It was a hard thing to pay the priest his tribute out of such destitution, yet it was always done, once a quarter, and at the end of the year. She loved her native glen, which it was evident no temptation, or even suffering, could ever induce her to forsake. This faithfulness was a beautiful trait; the more so, when so many of her country-people were willing to leave their country and hamlet, for better wages and food. There was something of the imaginative, not rare among the peasantry, in this woman's thoughts: she evidently reflected for herself. With poverty and sadness beside the hearth, what a priceless possession was even this measure of mind—the light of the spirit, sharpened, perhaps, by the strength of her grief! Her figure was fine, her features full of expression, and her dress carefully neat. A more impressive being is rarely met with in an Irish home. Beside that spot she now loved the best in the glen, by night, as well as by day, one could picture her lament for the lost:

Alone, beside my husband's grave,
Here hath the midnight found me;
The deep blue midnight, like a pall
Of solemn beauty round me.

Not here to watch the morning light
Break sadly on that silver sea;
Morn wears not now the radiance bright
It wore in happier years to me.

I hear the ocean pealing,
That hope is o'er;
And every echo through the red vaults stealing
Breathes of "no more!"

Is it the night-wind sighing
Sadly o'er vale and river?
Is it not death—a silent voice—replying,
"Soon shalt thou rest for ever?"

How beautiful!—how beautiful!
My vale, whose roses fill the air;
Whose cedar, yew, and sycamore,
Seem natural temples made for prayer.

But each rose wears a deeper dye,
A hue prophetic of my doom;
And every lofty forest bough
Droops heavy round my widowed home.

Yes! let me weep, and let me pray;
See day by weary day depart,
Ah! what avail my wasted years?
And what avails my breaking heart?

And is it much for life to ask
A little rest before the last?
To my lost home of hope and love
Come back again—the angel past!

Glengariff! thou art still my home,
And thou ere long must be my grave;
I know it—yet I would not roam,
No, not this fleeting life to save.

And if there be o'er him and me
This grassy bank—this flower-deck'd sod,
So let it be—so let it be,
If but the spirit rest with God!

Letters from Ireland—New Monthly Mag.

MODE OF WRITING ON GLASS BY THE RAYS OF THE SUN.—Dissolve chalk in aqua fortis, to the consistency of milk, add to that a strong solution of silver. Keep this liquor in a glass decanter, well stopped. Then cut out from a paper the letters you would have appear, and paste the paper on the decanter, which you are to place in the sun, in such a manner that its rays may pass through the space cut out of the paper, and fall on the surface of the liquor.—The part of the glass through which the rays pass will turn black and that under the paper will remain white. You must observe not to move the bottle during the time of the operation.—*Hooper's Recreations, vol. IV. p. 143.*

TOO LATE FOR CHURCH.

An old negro in Connecticut who had always been very constant in attending church and prided himself furthermore on being among the first there, happened one morning to be detained far beyond the usual hour.

"John," said Cuffee, as he stood carding his wool for the occasion, "hab de kindness to tell me what a clock him be."

"Can't tell you Cæsar, the clock has stopped, I should think it was pretty considerable late."

"Ise would'nt be exposed if 'twar half hour top o' dat," returned Cæsar, and mogged across lots to church, as fast as his handy legs could carry him. He entered toward the end of the sermon, just as the parson was reiterating his text for the last time, "The last shall be first and the first last."—Cuffee turned upon his heel and went out exclaiming:

"Dat mean me—I come last, but Ise out fuster, any how, de next time dis niggar goes late to meetin he no go at all."

"How are you Tom?" said a tall Mississippian the other day, to a long double jointed, gangle legged sort of a customer.

"How am I?" asked he with a hiccough.—"why I'm the victim of a coince"—here he staggered against the corner of the canal bank.

"You are, eh! what sort of a coincidence" there's something of the dunce about you, judging from the way you're drunk," said the other.

"Well I am all fired drunk that's a fact—but the coincidence is sober as sage cheese—(hiccoughs.) You see I dreamed I got married the other night and bought a lottery ticket—well it all come to pass—Betty Dicker jumped right up when I asked her, and said "yes" quicker than a dead coon would quit a pecan—I come down to Orleans yesterday, and I went my five dollars "flat on the counter" of a little man called Coan, somewhere in Common, or uncommon, street, No. 70, didn't I draw? that's what I call a *Coan-cidence*."—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE CAPTURE OF A WHALE.

The scenes which sometimes occur during the chase and capture of the whale, defy description. Let the reader suppose himself on the deck of a south-seaman, cruising in the North Pacific ocean, at its Japanese confine—and only the monotonous quietude is broken by an animated voice from the mast-head, exclaiming "There she spouts!" The captain starts on deck in an instant, and inquires "Whereaway?" but perhaps the next moment every one aloft and on deck can perceive an enormous whale lying about a quarter of a mile from the ship, on the surface of the sea, having just come up to breathe, his large hump projecting three feet out of the water, when at the end of every ten seconds the spout is seen rushing from the fore-part of his enormous head, followed by the cry of every one on board, who join heart and soul in the chorus of "there again!" keeping time with the duration of the spout. But while they have been looking, a few seconds have expired—they rush into the boats, which are directly lowered to receive them; and in two minutes from the time of first observing the whale, three or four boats are down and darting through the water with their utmost speed toward their intended victim, perhaps accompanied with a song from the headsman, who urges the quick and powerful plying of the oar, with the common whaling chant of

"Away! my boys, away! my boys, 'tis time for us to go."

But while they are rushing along, the whale is breathing, they have yet perhaps some distance to pull before they can get a chance of striking him with the harpoon. His "spoutings are nearly out," he is about to descend, or he hears the boat approaching. The few people left on board, and who are anxiously watching the whale and the gradual approach of the boats, exclaim, "ah, he is going down!" yet he's out again, but slowly the water is again seen agitated around, the spectators on board with breathless anxiety think they perceive his "small" rising in preparation for his descent; "he will be lost they exclaim for the boats are not near enough to strike him, and the men are still bending their oars in each boat with all their strength to claim the honor of the first blow with the harpoon. The bow boat has the advantage of being nearest to the whale; the others, for fear of disturbing the unconscious monster, are now doomed to drop astern. One more spout is seen slowly curling forth—it is his last, this rising, his "small" is bent, his enormous tail is expected to almost every instant, but the boat dashes rapidly along side of the gigantic creature.—"Peak your oars," exclaims the mate, and directly they flourish in the air; the glistening harpoon is seen above the head of the harpooner; in an instant it is darted with unerring force and aim and is buried deeply into the side of the huge animal. It is "socket up," that is, it is buried in his flesh up to the socket which admits the handle or "pole" of the harpoon. A cheer from those in the boats, and from the seamen on board, reverberates along the still deep at the same moment. The sea, which a moment before was unruffled, now becomes lashed into foam by the immense strength of the wounded whale, who, with his vast tail, strikes in the direction of his enemies. Now his head rises high into the air, then his flukes are seen lashing every where, his huge body writhes in violent contortions from the agony the iron has inflicted. The water all round him is a mass of foam, some of it darts to a considerable height—the sound of the blows from his tail on the surface of the sea can be heard for miles.—*Beale's Natural History of the Sperm Whale.*

VOLCANIC ISLANDS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

The heaving up of volcanic matter from the bottom of the sea to such a height above the surface of the water as to form an island which may be safely trodden, is a rare and interesting occurrence. That such things frequently happened at a former, and probably an early period of the earth's history, is quite evident from the great number of islands which are found to be of volcanic origin; but an event of this description taking place in our own times, is calculated to fix attention, as much from its novelty as from its extraordinary nature. In July, 1831, an island was thrown up between Sicily and Pantellaria, in the following remarkable manner. About the 10th of July, a column of water like a water-spout, sixty feet in height, and afterward a cloud of vapor, were observed rising from the sea at the place where the island afterward made its appearance. No fire was seen until the 17th, when the master of a London brig was able to distinguish flame; and it is probable that at this period the land began to emerge from the water. On the night of the 18th, flashes of brilliant light, mingled with smoke, were distinctly visible by the light of the moon; and so remarkable were the appearances, as to induce the commander of one of his Majesty's ships to steer for the spot, for the purpose of examining them more closely. A large column of smoke was seen towering above the sea, to a considerable height, and from the midst of it pillars of lurid fire shot up, and then subsided, the column, which was formerly dark, gradually becoming white. This alternation of eruption and repose, of white and black, continued during the whole night. On the following morning a small hillock of a dark green color was seen rising a few feet above the surface of the ocean, but it continued only visible at intervals between the more violent eruptions. The volcano was in a constant state of activity, and appeared to be discharging dust and stones, together with vast quantities of steam. On soundings being taken, no bottom was found till those who made the experiment were within twenty yards of the island. The form of a crater was now clearly discernible. It seemed to be composed of fine cinders and mud of a dark brown color; and within it was descried, during the pauses of the eruptions, a mixture of muddy water, steam, and cinders, dashing up and down, and occasionally running over the sides into the sea. All this time showers of hot stones or cinders shot upward a few yards, and then fell into the gulf whence they were ejected. One of the eye-witnesses observes regarding these eruptions: "No words can describe their sublime grandeur. Their progress was generally as follows: After the volcano had emitted for some time its usual quantities of white steam, suddenly the whole aperture was filled with an enormous mass of hot cinders and dust, rushing upward to the height of some hundred feet with a loud roaring noise, then falling into the sea on all sides with a still louder noise, arising in part, perhaps, from the formation of prodigious quantities of steam which instantly took place. This steam was at first of a brown color, having embodied a great deal of the dust. As it rose it gradually recovered its pure white color, depositing the dust in the shape of a shower of muddy rain. While this was being accomplished, renewed eruptions of hot cinders and dust were quickly succeeding each other, while forked lightning, accompanied by rattling thunder, darted about in all directions within the column, now darkened with dust and greatly increased in volume, and distorted by sudden gusts and whirlwinds. The latter were most frequent on the lee side, where they often made imperfect water-spouts of curious shapes. On one occasion some of the steam reached the boat; it smelt a little of sulphur, and the mud it left became a gritty sparkling dark brown powder when dry. None of the stones or cinders thrown out appeared more than half a foot in diameter, and most of them were much smaller."

APPROACH TO THE LAKE OF GLANMORE.

At the distance of fifteen miles, far in the mountains, was the Lake of Glanmore, not often visited, of which report spoke highly. We set out with a guide. The fierce sunshine was broken by masses of white clouds, driven slowly by the breeze that came from Bantry Bay. The way was, at first, a long ascent through the mountains above Glengariff, by many a lonely turn and height; then for many miles along the Bay of Bantry, which merits but a portion of the praise generally given to it. The bold and barren Hungry Mountain was in front at a short distance; the hamlets were few, and then a gentle descent to the village of Adrigoll, near an arm of the bay, so enclosed that it looked like a mimic lake. The wildness, yet the softness of the site of Adrigoll, is admirable. Its miniature church is at the mountain's foot, a faint resemblance of the exquisite village and chapel of Montreux in the Canton de Vaud. The scattered cottages of Adrigoll are neat, whitewashed, some inhabited by farmers, and half shrouded in their trees. The church is recently built, has a tasteful and even elegant appearance, within whose walls assemble about twenty Protestants; the Romish population of the parish is two thousand. The vicarage rears its white front quite alone, among the trees on the bank and close to the water. Turning to the right and up a long valley, the guide did not seem certain of the way; a farmer who came up sent a shrewd and handsome Irish boy, who belonged to his household, to be our guide to Glanmore. This was a fine-looking and hospitable man, who seemed at ease in his possessions, and pressed us earnestly to enter his house, but the sun was already declining. Near his house are the ruins of an ancient chapel, so venerated by the people that they bring their dead many miles to it, from mountain and glen. He said it was an impressive sight, the coming down of the vale of a great company of mourners from afar off, raising the deathwail as they come. They forsake their own burial ground to lay the departed in the old ruin and its cemetery. Turning to the left, another and wilder valley opened—a thorough wilderness, treeless and homeless; no scattered sheep on its sides; it was marshy in many places from the late rains. The track, sometimes lost, was hardly found again, and we were obliged to dismount, and walk among the crags, bushes and pools.

At last, from the top of the farthest height, we saw the lone and beautiful Lake of Glanmore beneath. Descending the mountain, another valley opened on the left—a deep seclusion, whose green pastures and winding stream were darkly enclosed by rugged mountains. Glanmore had no welcome, no home for the stranger. The smoke rose from lonely cabins here and there. Its rich shore was voiceless. On its isle there was a dwelling, whose white walls promised a refuge within, could we get at it; but the windows were closed, and there was no sign of a fire or host in the island-home. An oarless boat was on the strand, and as we looked wistfully round, a peasant hastily approached.

"Can you tell me where are the oars that belong to this boat, that we may row to that cottage?"

"Will your honor excuse my boldness; but where do you live when you're home?"

"Four or five hundred miles off."

"And is that the farthest part of England from here? and did your honor come by sea-water?"

Passing on in hope of more intelligence, in about ten minutes we met another peasant, respectably clad, his blue cloak gracefully worn, his look kind, his manner earnest, as indeed is ever the manner of the Irish peasant: no dullness or slowness of speech, or thought; the look, words and gestures, mostly keep time together—sly, droll, or extravagant though they be; but curiosity is a master-passion in the country places.

"Can you tell me if there is a lodging to be got in the neighborhood?"

"Is it a lodgin' your honor wants?" said the peasant. "If you were but going the same way with myself to my home up the valley, and 'twould be an honor to me."

"Do you live in that valley on the left, that I saw as we came down the mountain?"

"Isn't it a pleasant place?—quite a sweet lonesome place, your honor. Wouldn't we be happy to see you there!"

"But is there no house near by?"

"And where is such a lodging as Paddy Sia's in the whole neighborhood?—quite illigant, with a clane bed, and all kinds of male at any hour of the day, and milk and bread also. Does your honor see that rock that stands by itself away from the water, and the red marks on the face of it near the top? (This was a fine mass of rock about eighty feet high, isolated at some distance from the Lake.) In their last struggle a chief of the rebels was taken; and after putting him to death with many wounds, they hanged him off the top of the rock, to be a warnin' to the rest—and his blood's upon the rock, and there it is to this day: the winter's storms and rains can't wash it out, nor the summer's heat dry it up."

Following his direction, a quarter of a mile brought us to the vicinity of the dwelling. The birds of the air seemed to have carried the matter—a group had assembled to greet the stranger's arrival—the eldest of whom, a little man, whose hair was white, pointed with a solemn air down a little lane, at the end of which his white cottage, amidst some trees and green hedges, received us. How welcome was the turf fire, blazing high! We sat down by its side, wet and weary, yet disposed to be happy, for we had begun to feel friendless in the wilderness; and a home was opened to us, even against hope, of the patriarch of the lake. The pigs had, perhaps, been ejected; the children certainly put under cover, in corners, cupboards, or dark places. In about a quarter of an hour, one head was projected, and then another, then a body or two crept on the floor, that had been swept with magical haste; at last some six or seven little Shea's, of various statures and hushed voices, were in full view.—*Letters from Ireland—New Monthly Magazine.*

The following is an interesting extract of a letter from Sir Walter Scott, to a young relation, in which he depicts in a very forcible manner the necessity of industry, of labor, in every station of life:—

"I cannot too much impress upon your mind that *labor* is the condition which God has imposed on us in every station of life—there is nothing worth having that can be had without it, from the bread which the peasant wins with the sweat of his brow, to the sports by which the rich man must get rid of his ennui. The only difference betwixt them is, that the poor man labors to get a dinner to his appetite, the rich man to get an appetite to his dinner. As for knowledge, it can no more be planted in the human mind without labor, than a field of wheat can be produced without the previous use of the plough. There is indeed this great difference that chance or circumstances may so cause it that another shall reap what the farmer sows; but no man can be deprived, whether by accident or misfortune, of the fruits of his own studies, and the liberal and extended acquisitions of knowledge which he makes are all for his own use. Labor therefore, my dear boy, and improve the time. In youth, our steps are light, and our minds are ductile, and knowledge is easily laid up. But if we neglect our spring, our summers will be useless and contemptible, our harvest will be chaff, and the winter of old age unrespected and desolate."

FASHIONS IN DRESS.

The fashions of the ladies have by no means kept pace with those of the gentlemen in their approach to civilization. Perhaps it would be impossible for our tailors to improve very greatly upon our pantaloons as they are at present.—They are constructed to the shape of the wearer, and, when not too tight, their flexibility is quite sufficient for all the ordinary purposes of movement and society. There are no bulgings or puckering, no slashings or furbelows, upon them; but all is neat simple, and plain, as the dress of a gentleman should be. All unnecessary expenditure of cloth is avoided, all inconvenient garnishings dispensed with, and the garment neither fetters the movement nor exhibits an idle centre of display on the part of the wearer, by its excess or superfluities. It is now reduced in its plan to the most useful standard, and it will be a difficult thing for a tailor to effect any material alteration in it now. It will certainly be next to impossible for him to get us back to the big bags, the plaited and puckered, and hugely-pocketed apparatuses which in a former and less civilized period were recognized as breeches and pantaloons. There may be a few young persons, to whom notoriety in dress is important, as it supplies, or seems to supply, all the deficiencies whether of brains or body, who will appear breeched and braided with excrescences, in compliance with the notions of kindred persons in other and bigger cities; but the common-sense men and the gentlemen, every where, will keep as closely to the present cut as good nature and the consideration due to a tailor's reputation will allow. But civilization cannot now make any great advance in the article of breeches.

But, if we are thus highly eulogistic of the breeches of the gentlemen, what shall we say of the frocks of the ladies, which seem to have been constructed on principles diametrically opposite. They neither resemble the shape of the woman nor of any other known animal on the face of the earth; and what with their flaps and fringes, their loops, bends, folds and flounces—enfeebling and expensive additions—they entirely lack that symmetry and simplicity which should alone distinguish the costume of a well-bred lady. In fact their dresses are surrendered to the taste of mere mantua-makers, half of whom are mulattoes, and it calls for no great stretch of sagacity, to determine what sort of fashions should spring from such sources. The dress of a lady, like that of gentlemen, should be framed as much in compliance with just principles as the architecture of a fine dwelling house, or of a noble temple. If the architect makes a difference in his plan when called upon to build a palace in a valley, from that which he employs in the erection of a temple upon a mountain, as strong is the necessity of the mantua-maker to distinguish between a tall lady and a short one. But no such distinction is made. The dumpy little waddling woman, four feet four, wears precisely the same style of dress with the ghostly, ghastly damsel, just emerging from her teens in single blessedness, and full five feet ten; and the one rolls along like a favorite duck with the craw well filled and fattening for the Sunday table, while the other like an unhappy crane, caught in a forbidden place, barely strives to move naturally away, with the drag and drapery of a mighty fish-net about her. The leading difference between the shapes, the height and the bulk of women, producing no manner of change in the habits which they wear, is, of itself, sufficient to show that their costume-makers are the merest sempstresses, who have neither art, ingenuity, nor observation, to recommend them; and more than any thing beside, should force upon every lady the necessity of being, to a certain extent, the architect and general deviser of her own garments. The plan should come from her, though the mechanical labors should be thrown into the hands of the mantua-maker.—She should say, that, "as I am tall, I need a garment which may be rather elaborate;" or, "as I am fair, I need such or such a color;" or, "as I am dumpy and squat, I require something which shall not make me seem more so," and so on, resolving that her habit should be united to her figure, her complexion, and her resources—neither of which matters is often within the just comprehension of the mantua-maker, who knows but of one arbitrary standard, which is applied to all shapes and sizes, precisely after the fashion of the bed of Procrustes, who, as he was a man, was most probably a tailor; and whose wife, for aught we know, might have been, and should have been, a fashionable mantua-maker.

Perhaps there is really no art, no polite art, which calls for so much nicety, good taste, and proper judgment, as that of dress. Certainly the dress of a gentleman or lady, in most cases, will convey some general idea of the mind and tastes of the wearer. If the dress of a gentleman be slovenly, he will most probably chew tobacco, possibly frequent porter shops, eat crackers and cheese, talk loudly, swear like a trooper, and wind up the week with a carouse, setting the town to rights. If that of a lady be so, her chamber will doubtlessly be in sad disorder—her night-dress will lie on one chair—a disordered petticoat on another, or the floor—her tooth brush on the toilet—an assortment of undarned stockings in a corner of the closet, and the bed will always have an impression of her form. If, on the other hand, the habits of either be distinguished by extreme tidiness—if the brooch be always in the right place—if the shirt collar of the one and the tippet of the other be so nicely set that the wearer shall dare never to move either to the one side or to the other, through fear of discomposing them—you may safely set these parties down as mere pincushion and puff-powder people—of small minds incapable of lofty purposes, and generous, warm, unselfish feelings. They are emphatically small people.

But the varieties of character indicated by the dress, are too numerous to permit more than a passing consideration. The true gentleman, and high-minded lady, will just so far accord respect to existing fashions as not to excite attention nor occasion remark. It is your vain youth, and silly damsel, who seek to attract consideration to their costume. To be always neat, clean, comfortable, and at the same time *unconspicuous*, are the objects of proper-minded persons, when arranging their toilet. If more than this be required, fashion becomes a tyranny, and its followers the merest slaves; and then, too, the most petty, feeble and idle that ever made their own monster, and debased themselves in its worship.

The Grecian female costume was perhaps the simplest as it was one of the sweetest in the world. We speak of the ancient Greeks—that of the moderns is gaudy, gorgeous and Asiatic. The pure white as the color, and the free flowing robes—just sufficiently close to develope the outlines of the several limbs, yet not so close as to restrain their movements—would seem the very perfection of art, as it combined simplicity with the utmost grace, and at the same time freed the wearer from all suspicion of having dwelt longer at her toilet than was consistent with other duties, and a proper modesty in the estimate of her own charms—a suspicion from which our modern ladies are unhappily not so free. Then, too, there was an utter ignorance of the bones and wires, the jackets, the buckram, and the accursed corsets. A woman was then made by the perfect mother—the sweet, balmy and blessing Nature herself. Her form was rounded in to grace, and lifted into dignity, by an easy movement, generous health, and limbs which need not to be compressed into unseemly, unsymmetrical, and sometimes any vulgar shapes.

From the Knickerbocker.

The First Locomotive.

BY ONE WHO SAW IT.

In the year 18[illegible], I enjoyed the never-to-be-forgotten gratification of a paddle up the Hudson, on board the first steamboat that ever moved on the waters of any river, with passengers. Among the voyagers, was a man I had known for some years previous, by the name of Jabez Doolittle. He was an industrious and ingenious worker in sheet-iron, tin, and wire; but his great success lay in wire-work, especially, in making "rat-traps;" and for this last and latest invention in that line, he had just secured a patent; and with a specimen of his work, he was then on a journey through the state of New York, for the purpose of disposing of what he called "county rights;" or, in other words, to sell the privilege of catching rats, according to his patent trap. It was a very curious trap, as simple as it was ingenious; as most ingenious things are, after they are invented. It was an oblong wire box, divided into two compartments; a rat entered one, where the bait was hung, which he no sooner touched than the door at which he entered fell. His only apparent escape was by a funnel-shaped hole into the other apartment, in passing which, he moved another wire, which instantly re-set the trap; and thus, rat after rat was furnished the means of "following in the foot-steps of his illustrious predecessor," until the trap was full. Thus it was not simply a trap to catch a rat, but a trap by which rats trapped rats, *ad infinitum*.

This trap, at the time to which I allude, absolutely divided the attention of the passengers; and for my part, it interested me quite as much as did the steam-engine; because, perhaps, I could more easily comprehend its mystery. To me, the steam-engine was Greek; the trap was plain English. Not so, however, to Jabez Doolittle. I found him studying the engine with great avidity and perseverance, insomuch that the engineer evidently became alarmed, and declined answering any more questions.

"Why, you need n't snap off so tarnal short," said Jabez; "a body would think you had n't got a patent for your machine. If I can't meddle with you on the water, as nigh as I can calculate, I'll be up to you on land, one of these days."

These ominous words fell upon my ear, as I saw Jabez issue from the engine room, followed by the engineer, who seemed evidently to have got his scent up.

"Well," said I, "Jabez, what do you think of this mighty machine?" "Why," he replied, "if that critter had n't got riled up so soon, a body could tell more about it; but I reckon I've got a leetle notion on 't;" and then taking me aside, and looking carefully around, lest some one should overhear him, he "then and there" assured me in confidence, in profound secrecy, that if he did n't make a waggon go by steam, before he was two years older, then he'd give up invention. I at first ridiculed the idea; but when I thought of that rat-trap, and saw before me a man with sharp twinkling gray eyes, a pointed nose, and every line of his visage a channel of investigation and invention, I could not resist the conclusion, that if he ever did attempt to meddle with hot water, we should hear more of it.

Time went on. Steamboats multiplied; but none dreamed, or if they did, they never told their dreams, of a steam-wagon; for even the name of "locomotive" was then as unknown as "loco-foco." When, about a year after the declaration of the last war with England, (and may it be the last!) I got a letter from Jabez, marked "private," telling me that he wanted to see me "most desperately," and that I must make him a visit at that place "nigh Wallingford." On reaching his residence, imagine my surprise, when he told me; he believed he "had got the notion."

"Notion?—what notion?" I enquired.

"Why," says he, "that steam-wagon, I tell'd you about, a spell ago;" "but," added, "it has pretty nigh starved me out;" and sure enough, he did look as if he had been on "the anxious seat," as he used to say, when things puzzled him.

"I have used up," said he, "pingery nigh all the sheet-iron, and old stove-pipes, and mill-wheels, and trunnel-heads, in these parts; but I've succeeded; and for fear that some of these cute folks about here may have got a peep through the-hole, and will trouble me when I come to get a patent; I've sent for you to be a witness; for you was the first and only man I ever hinted the notion to, in fact," continued he, "I think the most curious part of the invention is, that as yet I don't know any one about here who has been able to guess what I'm about. They all know it is an invention, of some kind, for that's my business, you know; but some say it is a thrashing-machine, some a distillery; and of late, they begin to think it a shingle-splitter; but they'll sing another tune, when they see it spinning along past the stage-coaches," added he, with a knowing chuckle, "won't they?"

This brought us to the door of an old clap-boarded, dingy, long, one-story building, with a window or two in the roof, the knot-holes and cracks all carefully stuffed with old rags, and over the door he was unlocking, was written, in bold letters, "NO ADMITTANCE." This was his "sanctum sanctorum." There it stood, occupying the centre of all previous conceptions, rat-traps, churns, apple-parers, pill-rollers, cooking-stoves, and shingle-splitters, which hung or stood around it; or as my Lord Byron says, with reference to a more ancient but not more important invention:

"Where each conception was a heavenly guest,
A ray of immortality, and stood
Star-like around, until they gathered to a God."

And there it stood, "the concentrated focus" of all previous rays of inventive genius, "THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE."

An unpainted, unpolished, unadorned, oven-shaped mass, of double rivetted sheet iron, with cranks and pipes, and trunnel heads, and screws, and valves, all firmly braced on four firmly made travelling wheels.

"It's a curious critter to look at," says Jabez, "but you'll like it better, when you see it in motion."

He was by this time igniting a quantity of charcoal, which he had stuffed under the boiler. "I filled the b'iler," says he, "arter I stopped working yesterday, and it ha'n't leaked a drop since. It will soon bile up; the coal is first rate."

Sure enough the boiler soon gave evidence of "troubled waters," when by pushing one stick, and pulling another, the whole machine, cranks and piston, was in motion.

"It works slick, don't it?" said Jabez.

"But," I replied, "it don't move."

"You mean," said he, "the travelling wheels don't move; well, I don't mean they shall, till I get my patent. You see," he added, crouching down, "that trunnel head, there—that small cog-wheel? Well, that's out of gear just yet; when I turn *that* into gear, by this crank, it lets, you see, on the main travelling wheel, and then the hull scrape will move, as nigh as I can calculate, a little slower than chain lightnin', and a darn'd leetle too! But it wont do to give it a try, afore I get the patent. There is only one thing yet," he continued, "that I ha'n't contrived—but that is a simple matter—and that is, the shortest mode of stoppin' on her. My first notion is, to see how fast I can make her work, without smashing all to bits, and that's done by screwing down this upper valve; and I'll show you——"

And with that, he clambered up on the top, with a turning screw in one hand, and a horn of soap-fat in the other, and commenced screwing down the valves, and oiling the piston rod and crank joints; and the motion of the mysterious mass increased, until all seemed a buz.

"It is nigh about perfection, aint it?" said he.

I stood amazed in contemplating the object before me, which I confess I could not fully understand; and hence, with the greater readiness, permitted my mind to bear off to other matters more comprehensible; to the future, which is always more clear than the present, under similar circumstances. I needed not, for the very best reason in the world, because I understood not, the complicated description that Jabez was giving of his still more complicated invention. All I knew was, that here was a machine on four good sturdy well braced wheels, and it only required a recorded patent, to authorise that small connecting cog-wheel or trunnel head to be thrown "into gear," when it would move off, without oats, hay, or horse-shoes, and distance the mail coaches. As I was surrounded with notions, it was not extraordinary that one should take full possession of me. It dawned upon me, when I saw the machine first put into motion, and was now full orbed above the horizon of my desire; it was to see the first locomotive move off. The temptation was irresistible. "And who knows," thought I, "but some prying scamp may have been peeping through the key-hole, while Jabez was at work, and, catching the idea, may be now at work at some clumsy imitation?—and if he does not succeed in turning the first track, may at least divide the honors with my friend?"

"Jabez," said I, elevating my voice above the buzzing noise of the machine, "there is only one thing wanting."

"What is that?" said he, eagerly.

"Immortality," said, "and you shall have it, patent or no patent!" And with that, I pulled the crank that twisted the connecting trunnel head into the travelling wheels, and in an instant away went the machine, with Jabez on top of it, with the whiz and rapidity of a flushed partridge. The side of the old building presented the resistance of wet paper. One crash, and the "first locomotive" was ushered into this breathing world. I hurried to the opening, and had just time to clamber to the top of a fence to catch the last glimpse of my fast-departing friend. True to his purpose, I saw him alternately screwing down the valves, and oiling the piston-rod and crank-joints; evidently determined that although he had started off a little unexpectedly, he would redeem the pledge he had given, which was, that when it *did* go, it "would go a leetle slower than a streak of chain lightnin', and a darn'd leetle too!"

"Like a cloud in the dim distance fleeting,
Like an arrow," he flew away!

But a moment, and he was *here*; in a moment he was *there*; and now where is he?—or rather, where is he not? But that, for the present, is "neither here nor there."

My task is done. All I now ask, is, that although some doubt and mystery hang over the first invention of a steamboat—in which doubt, however, I for one do not participate—none whatever may exist in regard to the origin of the locomotive branch of the great steam family; and that, in all future time, this fragment of authentic history may enable the latest posterity to retrace, by "back-track" and "turn-out," through the long railroad line of illustrious ancestors, the first projector and contriver of "The First Locomotive," their immortal progenitor, "JABEZ DOOLITTLE, Esq. nigh Wallingford, Connecticut."

"A GOOD BOY."

No mother, who has a son far away, can run her eye over the following acknowledgment of a mother's letter, which we clip from the Western World, without pronouncing its author "a good boy." In announcing the arrival of a late mail, the editor beautifully remarks.

It also brought us a letter from her who nourished us in infancy; from her who taught us our alphabet; a letter in the same hand writing of the first copy after which we made our first attempt to trace the forms of letters; yes, a letter from her whose pious lips were the first to tell us of "the sinfulness of sin," and the excellence of virtue; from her whose cheek has paled in nightly watchings, for months together, by the couch, to which, with shackles of pain, disease had bound us; from her who always acknowledged our joy with a smile, and our woe with a tear; from her, who thought of no kindred blood, has ever loved us with "a mother's love;" and who now writes to repeat her earnest prayer that we may meet again on earth, and tell, in terms whose truth we know, that she who has ever loved us, will love us forever. More than two long years have been passed since we met, and more than the distance of earth's diameter divides us; and which time and distance may be more than twice doubled ere we meet again; yet, in reference to her, how warmly do we feel, and how [illegible] say.

"Where e'er I go, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravelled, fondly turns to thee."

METASTASIO

WAS a successful author, for he lived to see the seventieth edition of his works; but being a character so singular, we cannot avoid extracting a notice of him from Mrs. Piozzi, who seems to have had it from the best authorities, viz. from the family in which he lived, the Mademoiselle de Martinez, at Vienna, at least sixty-five years. Metastasio's peculiarities were these: that he had constantly lived half a century at Vienna, without ever wishing to learn its language; that he had never given more than five guineas, in all that time, to the poor; that he always sat in the same seat at church, but never paid for it; that nobody dare ask him for the most trifling cure; that he was grateful and beneficent to the friends who began by being his protectors, leaving them every thing; he never changed the fashion of his wig, the cut or color of his coat; his life was arranged with such methodical exactness, that he rose, studied, chatted, slept, and dined, at the same hours, for fifty years together, enjoying health and good spirits, which were never ruffled, excepting when the word *death* was mentioned before him; no one was ever permitted to mention that—and even if any one named the small-pox before him, he would see that person no more. No solicitude had ever prevailed on him to dine from home, nor had his nearest intimates ever seen him eat more than a biscuit with his lemonade; every meal being performed with mysterious privacy to the last. He took great delight in hearing the lady he lived with sing his songs, which was visible to every one. An Italian abbot once said, comically enough, "Oh, he looked like a man in a state of beatification always, when Mademoiselle de Martinez accompanied his verses with her fine voice, and brilliant finger." The father of Metastasio was a goldsmith, at Rome, but he had so devoted himself to the family he lived with, that he refused to hear, and *took pains not to know*, whether he had, in his latter days, any one relation left in the world.

DR. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.

WE consider it a duty to call public attention to the admirable preparation for Pulmonary Diseases—especially *Coughs, Colds, Consumptions, Spitting Blood, Asthma, Bronchial Affections, Hooping Cough, &c.* It is used and very highly approved by persons of the first respectability, but we feel confident in saying that trial of its efficacy will be its best recommendation.

DR. JONATHAN GOING, PRESIDENT OF THE GRANVILLE COLLEGE, Ohio (late of New York,) in a letter to Dr. Jayne, dated New York, December, 1836, says—"He was laboring under a severe cold, cough and hoarseness, and that his difficulty of breathing was so great that he felt himself in imminent danger of immediate suffocation, but was perfectly cured by using this Expectorant."——Mrs. [illegible] of Salem, N. J. was cured of Asthma of twenty years standing, by using two bottles of this medicine.——Mrs. Ward, also of Salem, was cured of the same complaint by one bottle.——A young lady, also of Salem, who was believed by her friends to be far gone with Consumption was perfectly restored by three bottles.——Dr. Hamilton, of St James, South Carolina, was greatly affected by a cough, hoarseness and soreness of the lungs, and on using a bottle of this medicine found permanent relief.

Mr. Nicholas Harris, sen. one of the Deacons of the First Baptist Church in this city, has been perfectly cured by it—after having suffered for sixty years with *Cough, Asthma, and Spitting of Blood*, which no remedy before could relieve.

The Rev. C. C. P. Crosby, late Editor of the American Baptist writes as follows:

New York, June 15, 1838.

To Dr. Jayne.—Dear Sir,—I have made use of your Expectorant, personally and in my family, for the last six years, with great benefit. Indeed I may consider my life prolonged by the use of this valuable medicine, under the blessing of God, for several years. I may say almost as much in the case of my wife, and also of the Rev. Mr. Tinson, of the Island of Jamaica. For all cases of cough, inflammation of the chest, lungs, and throat, I do most unhesitatingly recommend this as the best medicine I have ever tried. My earnest wish is, that others afflicted as I have been, may experience the same relief, which I am persuaded they will by using your Expectorant. C. C. P. CROSBY.

The following Certificate is from a practising PHYSICIAN and a much respected Clergyman of the Methodist society—dated Modest Town, Va. Aug 27, 1838.

Dr. JAYNE. Dear Sir—I have been using your Expectorant extensively in my practice for the last three months, and for all attacks of Colds, Coughs, Inflammation of the Lungs, Consumption, Asthma, Pains and Weakness of the Breast, it is decidedly the best medicine I have ever tried. Very respectfully yours,

R. W. WILLIAMS.

The Rev. JOSEPH RUSLING, well known in this City as a pious and popular Clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in letter to the proprietor says that he has had repeated spells of spitting of blood, and violent hemorrhage from the chest, for more than sixteen years,—and had suffered dreadfully with Asthma, pain in his breast, difficulty of breathing, Dyspepsia, night sweats, and a hard, dry Cough, by which his constitution was completely undermined and broken down. For five years he was unable to attend to his ministerial duties, and for the last five months immediately previous to his using Jayne's Expectorant, he had been entirely confined to his room, without the most distant prospect of ever leaving it but for the grave. His friends had long been looking for the termination of his severe and protracted sufferings in death. He was not able to get any sleep after one or two o'clock in the morning, on account of his cough, which harrassed him incessantly until near ten o'clock, when he usually became more easy, but still suffered by more or less cough throughout the day. The best medical advice this city could afford had at all times been at his command, and every expedient his numerous friends could devise for the mitigation of his sufferings had been tried in vain. The best medical prescriptions failed of even giving him temporary relief. A friend now urged him to try Jayne's Expectorant, and presented him with a bottle, from which he found so much benefit, that on continuing its use, he was soon enabled to resume his ministerial duties, and in a late communication to the proprietor he says:—*Dr. D. Jayne*: In communicating with you in relation to the effects produced on my system by your Expectorant last summer, the following are the results of my observation viz.—1st. An easy expectoration—2d. An alleviation of Asthmatical oppression—and 3d. Comfortable repose at night by a reduction of the Cough. If the above observations will be useful to any of your patients you are welcome to them. Respectfully yours, &c.

J. RUSLING.

Philadelphia, May 19 1838.

Dr Jayne's Office is No. 20 South Third Street, Philadelphia, where all orders will be promptly attended to.

jan 26—tf

MARRIAGE.

JUST Published, Price $1. ON MARRIAGE. Its intent, obligations, and Physical and constitutional disqualifications: Medically considered, with an exposition of the structure and purposes of the Reproductive System: the hereditary transmission of qualities, and the accidents and infirmities incident to Youth, Maturity and Old Age.

The subjects are illustrated by a variety of highly interesting cases and diagrams. By Wm. YOUNG, M. D. Member of the Philadelphia Medical Society, &c.

Printed for the Author and sold by Booksellers generally.

☞ Persons at a distance can have this publication sent (free of charge) to any part of the United States, Canadas, West Indies, &c. by enclosing one dollar note on any current bank, addressed to Dr. YOUNG, Philadelphia. mar 31—3m

REPEATING FIRE ARMS
155
BROADWAY NEWYORK

COLT'S PATENT.

THE PATENT ARMS MANUFACTURING COMPANY

THE sole Manufacturers of COLT'S Patent Repeating Rifles, Pistols, and other Fire Arms have reduced the Prices of Arms about thirty per cent. They have been induced to make this change in consequence of the repeated attempts to interfere with their patent, by the manufactory of Repeating Arms of inferior description which are sold as if made upon the model of Arms manufactured by this company. The Company are determined to prosecute any infringement, so as to prevent all deception and all interference with their Patent.

As to the excellence of these Arms, they have certificates and testimonials from every quarter of the country, from Boards of Officers of the Army, Examining Committees appointed by Scientific Institutions, from practical Gunsmiths, and from Gentlemen Travellers, Sportsmen, and others, and they aver with confidence that they are superior to all other arms for Sporting, Attack and Defence. The rapidity of fire, and the accuracy and safety with which they perform, exceed the belief of those who have not actually used them. With one of these Rifles or Pistols (the weight and size of which does not exceed the ordinary pistol or rifle) the bearer is able to fire in rapid succession, from six to sixteen charges, while at the same time he may suspend the firing at the end of each discharge, and all the charges can be reloaded in less time than the ordinary single charge arms.

The perfection to which the company have brought their works, enables them to manufacture the most beautiful, and highly finished arms ever got up in the United States, and, as they believe equal to any thing brought from Europe. And they offer their arms at prices less than they can be furnished elsewhere, wholly independent of any patent right protection.

The Company will keep on hand Cap Primers, Bullet Moulds, Ammunition Flasks and all other equipments required by Sportsmen, Travellers and others using their arms. Their Patent Cap Primer should be owned by every one who uses a gun rifle or pistol.

They have now on hand a repeating shot gun, as a model, for which orders will be received, to be delivered as soon as manufactured.

They would call the attention of the Agents of foreign Governments to their Arms, they have already been tested in actual service, and soldiers very readily acquire their expert use. A detachment of eighty men is as equal [illegible] to eight [illegible] armed with the ordinary rifle or musket. The rifle and large pistols are especially desirable in arming the Police of Cities, or Watch of cities and fortifications, and on ship board and plantations.

Orders for large quantities can be executed within ninety days from the time they are given.

The company are always ready to apply any test which may be required to ascertain the ability, safety, accuracy and distance or offensive fire of their arms.

N. B.—All articles manufactured by this Company are stamped "Patent Arms Manufacturing Company, Paterson, N. J. Colt's Patent," with other appropriate devices.

Orders will meet with immediate attention, if directed to the subscriber. G. E. [illegible],

nov 17—tf Sole Agent, 155 Broadway N Y

ELEGANT PARASOLS AND UMBRELLAS,

OF the latest styles, superior and handsomer than the French, and at about one half the price. Also Sun Screens, a new article much used in France. W. & W. H. RICHARDSON, extensive manufacturers, No. [illegible] South Third street, request the attention of persons dealing in the above articles which they will sell at low prices, by wholesale or retail.

my 4—tf

THE WEEKLY LEDGER,

CONTAINING all the news and miscellaneous reading of the six daily papers, is published every Saturday by SWAIN, ABELL, & SIMMONS, North west corner of Second and Dock sts. Philadelphia.

In May, 1837, owing to numerous demands made by persons at a distance for the "Public Ledger," which could not be mailed without pecuniary disadvantage to the publishers and to subscribers, the publication of the WEEKLY LEDGER, containing all the reading matter which appeared in the daily during the six days of the week, was commenced and furnished to subscribers for $3 per annum in advance.

In August last, the publishers found that the rapidly increasing circulation of the Weekly would justify them in a reduction of price, and it is now offered to subscribers, AT THE LOW RATE OF TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, the money always to be paid IN ADVANCE; in no case whatever, will a paper be sent in answer to an order unaccompanied with the payment.

Those who have paid $3 per annum for the paper, and whose time of subscription has not expired, can obtain it for another year by transmitting one dollar so that their subscriptions will amount to but $2 per year from its commencement.

The character of the Ledger is well known, being entirely independent of partizan politics. It is printed on a sheet of fine paper of double medium size, in handsome and ornamental type, and contains as much matter as the largest sheet printed in the United States.

Letters post paid from a distance, enclosing money in payment for subscriptions ordered, will meet with prompt attention. dec 1—tf

WHAT IS LIFE, WITHOUT HEALTH?

PHILADELPHIA, *December*, 1837.

TO DR. JAYNE—Dear Sir:—The astonishing and almost miraculous effects your valuable Expectorant had on my neighbor, the Rev. Mr. Rusling (whose case you will recollect was given over by his physicians, and who himself had lost all hope of ever being permitted to preach again, but who, from the use of your medicine, is so far restored as to be able not only to walk out but also to preach,) made so wonderful an impression on my mind, that after consulting with several friends, and learning that you were a regular *Practitioner of Medicine*, and that your remedy was not one of those quackish compounds with which the public are so frequently duped—for you must know that I am a mortal enemy to quacks—I called upon you and purchased half a dozen bottles, and told you that if I lived to take them, you should have a good report from me.

I am alive and well this day! Thanks be to a merciful God, and your Expectorant; and now I come forward cheerfully to fulfil my promise.

For twenty long years had I been a constant sufferer from the effects of a hard, dry cough, pain in my breast, and difficulty of breathing; the last five of which chills and fevers every spring and fall, were added to my misery. I was worn away to a mere skeleton, with the greatest difficulty only could I get up and down stairs; my appetite was gone, and my strength had so far failed me, that my friends were persuaded I could not survive many weeks, unless I obtained relief. Indeed sir, my situation was so perfectly miserable to myself, and so distressing to my family, that I felt willing to die, whenever it should please the Master to take me home. But I heard of your medicine, and relief came. Yes! it proved the "Balm of Gilead" to my poor afflicted body. Before I had taken *one bottle*, I experienced a mitigation of all my symptoms, and to my great joy I found in the continued use of it, the happiest relief. In short, sir, *it has made a perfect cure of me*—and I can truly say, I have no desire to be better.

Now, I consider it is a duty I owe you, and through you, the public, to make my case known, believing that it will be the means of directing hundreds who are afflicted as I have been, to the use of a remedy, which, under the blessing of God, I consider to have *preserved my life*.

You are at liberty, sir, to make use of this letter to your advantage, and to be my case so extensively known as you please. If there be any who doubt the truth of the above account, (for I have heard that many persons who have cures to sell, forge certificates, and publish them,) refer them to me. I shall be happy to see them, and I will not only confirm the above statements, but will give them particulars which it would be unnecessary to furnish for the public press. With everlasting gratitude, I am, dear sir, your obliged friend,

MARY GILL.

jan 19—tf No. 165 Queen Street, below Fourth

GEORGE P. SCHIVELY,
SURGEON DENTIST,

No. 25 North Eleventh Street,
Near Arch, Philadelphia.

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public, that he continues the practice of Operative Dental Surgery, in all of its various branches, and insertion of Incorruptible Artificial Teeth.

For the satisfaction of those who are unacquainted with his professional qualifications, he respectfully refers to the following named distinguished Physicians:

Wm. Gibson, M. D.	J. Randolph, M. D.
W. E. Horner, M. D.	Thos. D. Mutter, M. D.
Geo. McClellan, M. D.	Isaac Hays, M. D.
Sam'l Jackson, M. D.	P. B. Goddard, M. D.
J. K. Mitchell, M. D.	R. Harlan, M. D.

mar 9—6m

ATTENTION BALD HEADS!

OF all the remedies ever devised for the restoring and preservation of the HAIR, nothing has been found equal to ALIBERT'S OLEAGINOUS HAIR TONIC. It seldom fails to restore the Hair to health and beauty. Many who were bald three months ago, can now exhibit luxuriant heads of hair.

It is prepared from a Receipt of the celebrated Dr. Alibert of Paris, by one of his pupils.

The following letter from Dr. S. S. Fitch is very kindly permitted to be used:—

PHILADELPHIA, May 10, 1838.

Dr. Jayne.—Dear Sir,—I feel that I can hardly say enough to you in favor of *Alibert's Oleaginous Hair Tonic* sold by you. I had the honor of a personal acquaintance with Baron Alibert in Paris. He is known to all the world as one of the most eminent lecturers and practitioners in all diseases of the skin, &c. &c. that has ever been known, as all who have ever attended his consultations at the great Hospital Saint Louis, or who have heard his public lectures, or witnessed the success of his private practice will unhesitatingly acknowledge. His Hair Tonic I consider one of the best preparations for the hair with which we are acquainted, and fully justifies the assertions in the prospectus of the proprietor. I have experienced the most signal benefits from it. My hair had been falling off about two years and had become very thin, threatening speedy baldness, when I commenced using this remedy. In about one week it ceased to fall off. I have used it now about three months, and have as full and thick a head of hair as I can possibly desire. I have recommended its use to a number of my friends, who all speak well of it. If faithfully employed, I have no doubt of its general success. I may add that before using the Tonic, I had tried almost all the various articles employed for the hair, such as the Macassar Oil, all the different preparations of Bear's Oil, Vegetable Hair Oil, &c. &c. without experiencing much, if any, benefit. Respectfully yours,

S. S. FITCH. No. 172 *Chesnut Street.*

Copy of a letter from C. C. Park, Pastor of the Baptist Church, at Haddonfield, N. J.

Haddonfield, N. J. Feb 19th 1839.

Dr. D. Jayne,—Sir,—I take pleasure in informing you that the bottle of Alibert's Hair Tonic, which I obtained of you last October has proved most satisfactory and successful. My hair had for a long time been exceedingly thin. But for two or three years past it had so fallen out, that my head had become almost entirely bald. I was under the necessity of concealing the baldness by combing the hair on the sides over it. But now after using about half of a bottle of the "Tonic," I have as luxuriant growth of hair as I ever had.

C. C. PARK.

It may be had wholesale and retail of Dr. D. Jayne, General Agent, No. 20 South Third Street, Philadelphia. Price $1. feb 16—3m

SILK AGENCY,

No. 390 Market Street.

THE subscriber has commenced an agency for the purchase and sale of the Silk Mulberry Trees, and all articles connected with the growing of the Silk.

MORUS MULTICAULIS TREES.

A few thousand *Morus Multicaulis* Trees and Cuttings, pure as above, of the growth of New Jersey fresh and in good order. Also a few ounces of Silk Worm Eggs. For sale by

CHARLES CADWALLADER.

mar 2—tf

RIPKA'S MAMMOTH

WHITE SILK WORM EGGS.

THE above article in the best state of preservation, may be had by applying soon at 405 Market street.

mar 30—tf

THE TRUE POMADE DIVINE,

EXTENSIVELY used in Europe, never before introduced into America. It cures and prevents all CHAPPING OF THE HANDS AND LIPS, from the piercing effects of *Cold Weather*. Well rubbing a little on the hands and lips, is a certain preventive and cure. It also cures FROSTED FEET and CORNS, SWELLINGS and BRUISES, occasioned by falls or otherwise, and will prevent the many bad consequences of such accidents.—If a little be well rubbed in on a BRUISE or PINCH it will prevent blackness. It also cures BURNS and SCALDS, if applied directly, alleviating pain and preventing blisters. It is useful for a STIFF NECK and SWELLING of the GLANDS, and will greatly relieve RHEUMATIC and GOUTY PAINS in any part. It immediately removes PIMPLES and other ERUPTIONS—is exceedingly useful for SORE BREASTS, particularly lying in. Its efficacy in this very trying case, when all other applications have failed, has been well proved and can be attested by many. It gives a delicacy of fragrance and that natural healthful appearance to the skin no other preparation of the kind has been known to produce. So invaluable is this compound for every inconvenience to which the Skin is liable, that those who have once proved its benefits will never willingly be without it. It will retain its virtues many years and in all climates and is therefore very useful to those who go to sea, and to all travellers.

Prepared and sold by R. FENNER, 30 SOUTH SEVENTH street, three doors below Market street, Philadelphia, in glasses, with full directions for use, from 25 to 50 cents each. Observe, none are genuine without his signature on the label. nov 17—6m

THE CHINESE COLLECTION,

At the corner of Ninth and George streets.
WILL BE OPEN TO VISITORS, DAILY.
(SUNDAYS EXCEPTED.)
FROM 10 O'CLOCK A. M. UNTIL 9 P. M.
Until Further Notice. jan 12—6m*

COUNTING HOUSE BLACK SAND.

PREPARED BY W. J. SIMON, at the United States' Sand Office, No. 121 South Fifth Street, Philadelphia.

N. B. Orders from a distance, post paid, are promptly attended to.

☞ Let this article be put out of the reach of Rats and the boxes will keep good for years.

Due attention has always been observed to wash it from its natural brackish quality, by the application of fresh water, otherwise in damp or wet weather, it would not answer the use for which it is intended.

Sea Sand will assist to retain the color of ink.

mar 9—6m

CHEAP BOOKS AND STATIONERY,

WHOLESALE, and Retail, South West corner of Fourth and Race streets. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO. successors to Clark & Lippincott, respectfully inform the public that they keep constantly for sale a large general assortment of THEOLOGICAL, MISCELLANEOUS, and SCHOOL BOOKS, also a handsome assortment of plain and fancy STATIONERY, CUTLERY, &c. BLANK BOOKS of various sizes, suitable for banks, public offices and merchants, always on hand, consisting of Ledgers, Journals, Day Books, Cash Books, Receipt Books, Bill Books, &c. together with a general supply of Letter, Cap and every other description of paper and Law Blanks. Paper ruled to any pattern. Book binding executed at the shortest notice. feb 23—6m

FROM THE SHAKERS' SETTLEMENT.

SWEET Corn, Dry, very fine, Rose and Peach water, double distilled; Brooms and Sieves; all kinds of Herbs, Cheese and Bonnets, an assortment of Baskets, Reticules and Satchels, Rocking Chairs, Hobby Horses and Velocipedes, an excellent thing for children; Refrigerators on an improved plan, Plate warmers, Foot and Stomach Warmers, waiters, Britannia ware, Hardware and Cedarware, a large assortment of Toys, Filtering jars, an excellent thing for cleansing the Schuylkill water, made and repaired by the subscriber, who has the greatest variety of articles in this country well worthy the attention of those that commence housekeeping, and others—where they can be had on reasonable terms, at the Wooden Ware and Variety store of

GIDEON COX,
No. 325 and 327 Market street.

Ironing Tables and Bread Cutters, on an improved plan. apr 20—tf

REMOVAL.

AMERICAN SILK AGENCY, is removed from No. 5 Bank street to 85 Walnut street.

apr 20—tf S. C. CLEVELAND Agent.

AMERICAN SILK AGENCY.

No. 85 WALNUT STREET, Entrance also from Market and Chesnut streets, by Franklin Place and Hudson's alley, and from Third and Fourth streets by Harmony Court.

THE subscriber having opened an agency for the purchase and sale of all articles connected with the culture and manufacture of silk in the United States, offers for sale all the different varieties of Mulberry Trees, suitable for raising the Silk Worm, viz: Morus Multicaulis Chinese, Multicaulis Seedlings, Morus Expansa, Multicaulis Cuttings, Improved Italian Trees, &c. Also, 5,000 cuttings from Bolton's Virginia Seedlings, and Cunningham's Prince Edward Grape Vines.

These Vines produce an abundant crop of fruit, warranted not to rot or mildew, and are fine for the table, and are capable of yielding the finest wines.

S. C. CLEAVELAND, Agent Phila.

☞ Those who wish to enter into this profitable branch of National Industry, will do well to call at the Agency, and see that they are instructed in the value of the Trees they purchase.

N. B.—The particular attention of those engaged in the culture and manufacture of American Silk, which of Trees, Eggs, Cocoons, reeled or manufactured, are invited to this agency. The agent will give every attention to sales, and prompt remittance of proceeds of any articles sent to him. [illegible]

SLEEPER & BROTHERS,

(Sleeper & Brother have associated with them their brothers, ISRAEL SLEEPER & EDWIN SLEEPER.)

No. 116 Market Street, Philadelphia.

EXTENSIVE
MANUFACTURERS
OF SILK, GINGHAM AND COTTON
UMBRELLAS,
PLAIN AND FANCY PARASOLS.

Comprising every variety of style and embellishment, which they continue to manufacture as well and as low as any house in this market not excepting the *self-styled* "CHEAPEST," or any other.

Patent Folding Umbrellas, especially for travelling. [illegible]

SILVER PLATE, SPOON AND FORK

MANUFACTORY.

South West corner of Fifth and Cherry Streets.

THE Subscribers have constantly on hand, a handsome assortment of SILVER Plate, Spoons, Forks, and every article belonging to the silver-smith business or manufactured to order in the neatest and best manner, or to match any pattern given at the lowest manufacturing prices.

Persons who wish to purchase, are requested to call at their manufactory, where they will find work not surpassed in the city, for neatness, taste and elegance of finish.

☞ A supply of the best Sheffield and Birmingham Plated Ware, of their own importing, kept constantly on hand, and made expressly to their order.

nov 17—tf R. & W. WILSON.

FRESH GARDEN SEEDS.

THE subscribers have removed their old established *Seed Store* to No. 97 Chesnut St. above 3d street, North side, and are now prepared to supply Vegetable Garden, Field and Flower Seeds, of their own growth and of the choicest varieties. Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubbery, Green and Hot House Plants, (of which a constant bloom may be seen at the store,) Roses Carnation, &c. Italian Spring Wheat, *French Sugar beet Seed*, Chinese Mulberry Trees and Cuttings, *Silk Worm Eggs*, grown by ourselves, of fine health. White Italian Mulberry Seed and Trees, a fine assortment of Bulbous Roots. Paeonys, Narcissus, Tulips, and Double and Single Hyacinths, just received, for strength of bulb superior to any before offered, warranted true to name and color.

Drawings of the best varieties of Annual Flowers and Bulbous Roots, the size of life, may be seen at the store.

HIRST & DREER.

nov 17—tf Seedsmen & Florists.

NOTICE.

THE undersigned is agent for the following works—Ladies Companion New York City, New Yorker do. do. Ladies Book, Philadelphia, Pa. Atkinson's Evening Post and Saturday News do. do. Saturday Courier, do. do. American Museum, Baltimore, Md. Pearl and Galaxy, Boston, Mass.

Godey's Uniform Edition of the following publications: Walter Scott's Novels (with a portrait) only $6.0, Lady Blessington's do. do. $3 complete work of Miss L. E. Landon, $3. Miss Jane Austin's novels, $3. Bulwer's do. $3, Marryatt's do. $3, Pickwick Papers, containing nearly 50 illustrations and portraits $3.

A. MARSCHALK.

Locust street, between Commerce and Union.

He will also receive subscriptions for any Northern papers. Natchez, January 17, 1839.

feb 16—3m

MOSES STARR & SON manufacturers of Boilers for Steamboats, Locomotives and Stationary Steam Engines, Tanks for Locomotive Tenders, Ships Water Tanks, &c. have constantly on hand a variety of the above articles at their Manufactory, Shackamaxon above Franklin street, Kensington, Philada. dec 29—6m*

LEATHER STORE.

THE subscriber having this day taken his nephew, Wm. W. Henery, into partnership, the business will be conducted hereafter under the firm of *Chambers & Henery*, at the old stand 67 Chesnut street, where will be kept constantly on hand, a general assortment of *Finished Leather*, consisting of Calf, Morocco, Lining, binding, Sheep, Hog and Buck skins, Bag, Linings, Japan and Chaise Hides, Harness, Bridle, Skirting, Band, Upper, Book binders and Sole Leather.

ANDREW R. CHAMBERS.

Philadelphia, January 1st, 1839. jan 5—tf

CHINESE MORUS MULTICAULIS, &C.

AT the Linnæan Garden, Flushing, New York, 50,000 Splendid Trees of the genuine Morus Multicaulis are yet remaining for sale, at moderate prices according to their size—and also cuttings of the same. None of the humbug kind are sold at this establishment. Also, 20,000 trees of the splendid Morus Expansa, which has very large leaves, greatly loved by the worms. It is very hardy, and yields silk of the finest excellence. A great supply of Moretti or Alpine Mulberry, the Canton, Dandolo, Florence, Asiatic, Pyramidalis, Rose of Lombardy, Morus Alata, and other varieties.

Also, Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Plants and Seeds of every kind, and an immense stock of Bulbous Flower Roots, just arrived from Holland. Silk Worm Eggs of every kind at the lowest prices, and White Italian, Canton and Moretti or Alpine Mulberry Seeds in any quantity.

The Morus Multicaulis Trees raised here, have no third more joints than Southern Trees, and of course are worth fifty per cent. more for propagation, and the wood becomes as mature and perfect as the high exposed position our nurseries occupy as at any place in the Union.

Also, Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Bulbous Roots, Green House Plants, and seeds of all kinds for sale in large or small parcels.

Printed catalogues will be sent to every applicant, and orders per mail will be executed with as much precision and despatch as if the purchasers were present, and will be packed so as to be sent to the remotest region with safety.

Apply to AARON CLEMENT, Agent, No. 21 Minor street, Philadelphia, or to the subscribers at Flushing, Long Island, New York.

dec 1—tf WILLIAM PRINCE & SONS.

SILK WORM EGGS.

THE subscriber will accept orders for Silk Worm Eggs of the two crop mammoth white and sulphur color, in quantities from one thousand to five million.

Apply to J. J. TEN EYCK,
Middletown Point, Monmouth county, N. J.

mar 30—tf

JOS. SWARTZ'S CARPET MANUFACTORY.

NO. 319 [illegible], near to the Commissioners' Hall, Philadelphia. Where [illegible] CARPETS are woven different Patterns, in the handsomest style. Also, Venetian Carpets woven and a large assortment of ready made [illegible] always on hand, which he will sell, wholesale and retail, at the most reasonable prices. These carpets can be forwarded to all parts of the United States.

N. B.—*The advertiser has received a Silver Medal from the Franklin Institute, for Manufacturing Carpets of superior quality.* ap 6—3m

J. A. WOODSIDE, JR.

ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 6 North street between Fifth and Sixth and Market and Arch streets, Philadelphia. jan 13—tf

R. S. Gilbert—Engraver on Wood—
No. 32 North street, below Sixth,
(between Market and Arch and Fifth and Sixth streets) feb 9 '39—tf

Published every Saturday,
By Samuel Coate Atkinson,
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